Dear Adelaide =

This brings you my affectionate greetings and good wishes for many- and more- happy returns of your birth-day -

from

your old friend

Arthur T. Aldis

Chicago Nov. 23 -29 - hope it will reach you by 27th!

The
Shakespeare
SONGS

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The Shakespeare
SONGS

Being a complete collection of the Songs written by or attributed to
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Adelaide A. Brown

EDITED BY TUCKER BROOKE

November 27, 1929

With an introduction by
WALTER DE LA MARE

NEW YORK
WILLIAM MORROW & COMPANY

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(Songs preceded by an asterisk are not original with Shakespeare.)

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¶ *INTRODUCTION*

To the Reader

THE first collection of the Shakespeare Songs was a stolen and surreptitious little volume with the beguiling title, *The Passionate Pilgrim*. This was published by William Jaggard in 1599, and appeared pat to the time. The 'mellifluous and honey-tongued' poet had only the year before been acclaimed by the scholarly Francis Meres 'the most excellent' dramatist of his day. Falstaff had taken town and Court by storm. In the following May 'the Glory of the Bank,' that great 'wooden O,' the *Globe*—built out of the timbers of the dismantled *Theatre*—was opened. In the autumn that 'almost flawless chrysolite of a comedy,' *As You Like It*, was produced, to be followed at the turn of the century by its fellow jewel, *Twelfth Night*. Shakespeare's mere name was now one to conjure with; any spoil from his writings (however 'private') was treasure trove. Jaggard was but one—the 'Boson,' say—of a crew of pirates, and unscrupulous at that.

For of the twenty poems included in *The Passionate Pilgrim*, only five are certainly (though others might conceivably be), Shakespeare's, four of these being sonnets * (with extremely interesting variants from the accepted text), and the fifth, Dumaine's jocund

* Nos. CXXXVIII and CXLIV in the collection of 1609, with 'Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye' and 'If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?' from *Love's Labour's Lost*. The last of these is printed as follows in the *Passionate Pilgrim:*

If Loue make me forsworn, how shal I swere to loue?
O, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vowed:
Though to my selfe forsworn, to thee Ile constant proue,
those thoughts to me like Okes, to thee like Osiers bowed.
Study his byas leaves, and makes his booke thine eies,
where all those pleasures liue, that Art can comprehend:
If knowledge be the marke, to know thee shall suffice:
Wel learned is that toung that well can thee commend,
All ignorant that soule, that sees thee without wonder,
Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admyre:
Thine eye Joves lightning seems, thy voice his dreadfull thunder
Which (not to anger bent) is musick and sweet fire.
Celestiall as thou art, O, do not loue that wrong:
To sing heavens praise, with such an earthly toung.

This (I believe) is the only sonnet of Shakespeare's that contains thirteen alexandrines. It is metrically monotonous, maybe of set purpose; but wherever Jaggard's version differs from the text of the first folio it seems to differ for the better. Of the remaining fifteen poems in the *Pilgrim* Sir Sidney Lee maintains that 'none show any trace of his (Shakespeare's) workmanship.' But if no phantasmal Griffen stood between, would one be wholly incredulous on hearing that, say, 'Scarce had the Sun dried up the dewy morn' was actually his—with its clear colours, its rhythmical variety, its rich vocabulary, and the imaginative quality of its figures. But in matters as abstruse as these a mere passer-by must forbear.

'Ode,' 'On a Day.' What Shakespeare thought of Jaggard's title, a sugary decoy of a wholly different kind from the titles which he himself chose for the Plays, is not related. At the venture itself—when at least a third edition of it appeared, farced with two additional poems from Thomas Heywood's *Troia Britannica*—he was 'much offended.' Since, however, apart from the printing of the First Folio, though Jaggard died before it was completed, we owe him also, if indirectly, this one precious (and unique) scrap of information, he has long since been forgiven all such peccadilloes. Nor can one imagine the writer of *Twelfth Night* being much offended for very long. When, too, 'the players are all dead, there need none to be blamed.'

Of the five authentic pieces in the *Pilgrim* none was a song. Even the collection of 1640, entitled 'Poems: Written by Wil. Shakespeare, Gent' though it contains, apart from Jaggard's complete hotchpot, all but eight of the *Sonnets* in an original, arranged and subtitled sequence, and some 'excellent poems by other gentlemen' besides, includes only one of the songs: the lovely 'Take, oh, take' which

the Boy sings to Mariana in the moated grange in *Measure for Measure*. And this, incidentally, has been more frequently set to music than any other song in the Plays.

Indeed only of late years has it become a practice to sever the songs from their context and to print them in the company of lyrics which are self-contained and never had any reference or framework apart from the mind of their makers. We are apt to forget therefore that what is no longer an act of piracy is still not wholly innocent of vandalism. It was in warning of this and of much else besides in the modern production of the plays, that Mr. Richmond Noble wrote his *Shakespeare's Use of Song*. With learning and insight Mr. Noble proves conclusively—and proof was needed—that the songs were composed (when singers were available), for dramatic and practical purposes. They were neither interludes nor mere decorative flourishes, garlands nor *amorini*.

Many of them, on the open, uncurtained, (and not 'picture-frame') stage of the period, were a graceful and ingenious cover for entry or exit. Autolycus, for example, comes singing

in; and Feste goes singing out. Others, like the Cuckoo and Owl songs, and 'When that I was and-a little tiny boy' (quite apart from its endearing and pacifying philosophy), make a happy and memorable *finis;* or, like Puck's and the fairy songs in the *Dream* (and with bibliographical acumen at least as engrossing as that of Sherlock Holmes or Dr. Thorndyke, Mr. Dover Wilson has shown what had previously been suspected, that these are late additions to an early draft), they are part and parcel of the plot and surrender scene, setting and atmosphere. So, too, 'Under the Greenwood tree' is not only the full flowering-out into music and bird-song and leafiness of Rosalind's happy sigh—'Well, this is the forest of Arden,' but, with its third stanza, condenses Jaques's character into a scrap of hoarse and mocking parody.

So, play by play, Mr. Noble has revealed with what forethought and skill and with how masterly a stage-craft Shakespeare *used* his songs. Not that he never inserted a song into the action of a play wholly or in part for its, or his, own sweet sake, or merely to please 'the general.' But in any case their only com-

pletely appropriate setting is that for which they were intended—the vivid show and pomp and excitement and dramatic continuity of the Elizabethan stage. Far less so of ours, with its otiose pasteboard, its properties, limelight and 'effects.'

Then again, the Songs are incantations: they were intended to be *sung*. Shakespeare's natural language indeed was that of poetry, and so always akin to music. Even his Pistol sings when he talks: 'The King's a bawcock and a heart of gold, a lad of life, an imp of fame'; his sea-captain, also: 'Be you his eunuch, and your mute I'll be'; his murderer: 'The west yet glimmers with some streak of day' (and could there be anything more sinister than that sanguine streak?); his drunken porter with his 'primrose path' and his 'Knock, knock, knock i' the name of Bēelzebub'; and even his monstrous fish-like Caliban, who at need will 'snare the nimble marmozet,' and can—while still in kind—so speak that by mere rhythm and cadence he lures the fantasy into a timeless paradise: 'And sometime voices That if I then had waked after long sleep, Will make me sleep again'—an echo of which, surely, haunted

Emily Brontë's brain when Catherine Earnshaw dreams of heaven.

Song-writing, then, must have been a curious joy to Shakespeare—a sort of busman's holiday. But first and foremost, it is to be remembered that in his plays he was a dramatist, and to appreciate the full virtue, import and art of the songs (and poems) in them, they must be listened to with wits alert, our eyes fixed on the singer and the stage, our ears drinking in voice and words and music in an undivided unity.

Next best (and in certain respects, an even preferable method), is solitude and the playbook—scenery, characters, speech, song, melody, descant composed only of the stuff that dreams are made on; an illusion created out of words in the imagination of the reader. And next best—and still incomparably good—the songs may be delighted in just for themselves, isolated from their context as they are here, in this book. For though flowers shine best in their natural haunts, Shakespeare's continue to flourish even when picked.

Some of them, of course, at vital loss; Ariel's, for example, 'like snatches of half-

forgotten music heard indistinctly and at intervals,' whose strains he must have stolen from the lips of 'a mermaid on a dolphin's back.' *Their* setting is as lovely as themselves. As well extract the crescent moon and the evening star from the skies of April over a western sea. How, again, taste the full tang and raciness of 'When daffodils' and of 'Lawn as white as driven snow' with that vagabond, Autolycus, completely out of mind; or of 'O mistress mine,' unless we share its strains with Sir Toby and Aguecheek, and follow it up with the catch that could draw three souls out of one psalm-singing weaver?

On the other hand, we lose little, if anything, if we forget for the moment that 'the admirable rich words' of 'Hark, hark, the Lark!' were the device of a boor; that 'Who is Silvia' is an extravaganza; and that to 'Under the Greenwood tree,' its every word a warbling note, Jaques added a satirical epilogue whose '*Ducdame*' ('a Greek invocation to call fools into a circle') has been the joy and despair of all the commentators in turn. Reft of its context, again, it is a more amusing than lamentable eventuality that the Owl's song completely

sheds its intended irony, and that 'When daisies pied' is thus transmuted from a Tudor 'comic song' into a romantic ditty whose battered joke has so far faded out of remembrance that it has been set to music for use in schools!

How Shakespeare wrote his songs no mortal now, alas, can divine. But that, like wild birds to a decoy, they came at his need and call seems a fairly safe inference. Every fine lyric is the crystallization into words of an imaginative and emotional impulse. So is a lovely, significant, yet heedless turn of the head or gesture; so is a dance. And a play in verse—work of the creative imagination, that is—offers as rich and reiterated incentives to sing as a prayer-meeting should to cry 'Alleluia.' Moreover, not only in pitch and tone and cadence but in theme the songs are as appropriate to their setting in the Plays as a gem is to the quartz in which it is embedded. At times we can actually watch, as it were, the pearl evolving itself in the oyster! 'Now the hungry *lion* roars'—was this pregnant onset (with the wolf that follows) quite independent of that sucking-dove Bottom and his play?

Have the 'death' and the 'shroud' of 'Come away' (with first its 'cypress' and then its yew) no imaginative association with the 'spinsters' and 'weave' and 'bones' of the lines preceding it?

Here and there, it seems, this creative impulse flitted over many memories. Ariel has spoken of 'the most mighty Neptune.' A hundred and eighteen lines later, Prospero bids him, 'Go make thyself like a Nymph o' the Sea.' Thus disguised (and surely with 'sweet spirits' in attendance, at least in the poet's mind), he decoys Ferdinand, 'a thing divine,' within sight of Miranda, with his 'Come unto these yellow sands'—and in so doing, thought Swinburne, echoed Marlowe. Ferdinand speaks sorrowfully and *sotto voce* of his father, and Ariel's 'Full fathom five,' is not only his mocking reply (the song a positive blossoming, so to speak, of the dialogue), but this in turn echoes that other supreme passage, 'of the water, watery,' Clarence's dream, and recalls the dogs that Shakespeare had read of in one of the narratives of the day relating to 'the still-vexed Bermoothes.' The song itself, that is, is a pellucid bead on a twisted thread

of fantasy. And how curiously of Shakespeare's poetic idiom, with its inversions and condensations and its sweep of reference, its flawless melody is.*

An admirer of Mr. Robert Frost's poems has lately declared, and justly, that 'the very sound of his poems is *true*. In some the sound is not only as important as the meaning, but most of the meaning.' So of the Songs, with a slightly different bearing. They also are true, though not in a personal sense. They are true in their context; æsthetically right. They

* When John Dryden, in a singularly unhappy hour, though he professed that he 'never wrote anything with more delight,' collaborated with Davenant in modernizing *The Tempest* to suit the taste of his time, they gave Ariel not only a sister, Milcha (an almost incredible achievement), but another song:

> Dry those Eyes which are o'rflowing,
> All your storms are overblowing:
> While you in this Isle are biding,
> You shall feast without providing:
> Every dainty you can think of,
> Ev'ry wine which you can drink of,
> Shall be yours; and want shall shun you,
> *Ceres'* blessing so is one you.

It would be far too complimentary to Dryden's 'new reviving play' to suggest that this song is typical of it; and yet his prologue resounds with genuine praise of Shakespeare:

> . . . But *Shakespear's* Magick could not copy'd be,
> Within that Circle none durst walk but he . . .

have 'a natural singing quality,' and many of them were written with a specific air or melody in Shakespeare's mind. He lived in the supreme heyday of English music, a music so much beloved by him and so frequently in his remembrance that there are upwards of four hundred references to it in his plays. And the mere sound of their words is chiefly what his songs mean.

Simply to repeat those sounds in the quiet of the mind or to listen to them, said or sung, will reveal their inmost virtue. Any attempt at paraphrase of course is ruination. As words intended for music should be, they are free from all 'intricate or cloudy stuff'; they tell all they are, obscuring nothing. Their intellectual cargo is just weighty enough—the brief question and answer, say, of 'Tell me where'—to keep the buoyant shallop true to her helm, though sensuously that cargo may be as rich as a galleon of Spain. Every line—even though it consist of but six or seven words—of 'When Icicles,' for example (and Tennyson made admirable use of this method in 'Mariana,' 'The Owl' and other poems), pictures a separate wintry vignette. The wall

with its dangling icicles, shivering Dick the shepherd boy, Tom panting in with his logs, the milkmaid from the byre with her frozen pail, the miry by-ways smoking in thaw in the sun. Then, night and its owl, and Joan in the great kitchen stirring the smoking pot.

But by the secret device of words in the mind the several scenes become at last a unity, and we have the complete old English farmhouse, with its barns and its cowsheds, its stacks and its acres under the winter sky, and not only in three but in four dimensions. As for precise observation combined with atmosphere what could surpass the effect of the 'all aloud' in the second stanza, and the 'sit brooding' of the next line—so vividly evoking the birds themselves, dazzled and bewildered in 'the strange unheavenly glare' of the snow, as almost to amount to an hallucination! Then compare the precise detail of this song with 'O mistress mine.' There everything is generalised, though it surrenders a lovely, however nebulous 'sweet and twenty,' and how wide a vista of passing time! But whatever the content of the songs may be, it is always enough whereby to judge them—as William

Allingham says of all lyrical poetry—'by a fine, rapid-glancing logic; peculiar, airy, genuine.' *

The more closely one examines the Songs, too, the more one marvels at Shakespeare's consummate mastery over words. A mastery of such apparent ease that one can hardly believe it was *acquired*. *Plain-song* cuckoo, *field* dew, *bitter* sky, *warped* waters, *black* coffin: none of these epithets is unusual or far-fetched, yet each not only vividly presents its immediate object, but carries the imagination far beyond it. Ponder for a moment the range of human experience implied in that 'bitter,' that 'warped' and that 'field.'

Fletcher too wrote lovely songs, but to compare the two stanzas—Shakespeare's and his—of 'Take, O take' as they appear in '*The Bloody Brother*' is surely to detect a fine difference in the handling of the same theme.

Take, O take those lips away
That so sweetly were forsworn,
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn:

* 'As for the use' (of such poetry), he adds finally, 'I will tell you this accurately when you can put me Love into a crucible, and Faith into a balance.'

But my kisses bring again,
Bring again—
Seals of love, but sealed in vain,
Sealed in vain!

Hide, O hide those hills of snow,
Which thy frozen bosom bears,
On whose tops the pinks that grow
Are of those that April wears.
But first set my poor heart free
Bound in those icy chains by thee.

The first evokes in the imagination a face—pale, grey-eyed, dark, phantasmal—seen in dream; and despite its 'lips' and its 'sweetly' and its 'kisses,' it is spiritual in effect. It states what it says, too, without intellectual comment or implication. This is not so in Fletcher's stanza. The effect is physical, not spiritual, and the 'yet' and the 'first' are intellectual intrusions, so to speak. So too with the rich and memorable 'Roses their sharp spines being gone.' Not only are its flowers, as if embroidered, a mere collection, but what is said of them is not always essentially true, or not perfectly appropriate. They have not been seized in sheer realisation; whereas Shakespeare's flowers in the Cuckoo song, even though he tells us nothing about them except their colours, sweep before the eye a

whole countryside—meadow, hedge and copse, fresh and sweet with spring. The radical difference between the two poems is one of vital energy.

The closer indeed one examines Shakespeare's craftsmanship the more engrossing it becomes. It is the triumph of his Songs, nevertheless, that even when they are almost as familiar in memory as ABC, we are so little apt to pay any heedful attention to what they sing *about* that until we closely scrutinise them we remain unaware (at least I did), of anything unusual in the word 'turn,' say, in 'Under the greenwood tree,' in the 'whist' of 'Come unto these yellow sands,' in the 'are coral made' and the surprising syntax of the third line of 'Full fathom five,' and in the 'freckles' and 'savours' of 'Over hill, over dale.' We may refrain too from being tempted to speculate whether Ariel, since, like King Oberon, he 'the globe can compass soon, Swifter than the wandering moon,' may not have borrowed his 'Where the bee sucks' from the Tom Tiddler's ground with which Puck was most familiar.

If difficulties still remain, 'there are times'

in reading Shakespeare, says Furness, most winning of commentators, when 'if there be obscurity, we rather like it'—assured at least that it was never intentional; and when, 'if the meaning be veiled, we prefer it veiled. Let the words flow on in their own sweet cadence, lulling our senses, charming our ears, and let all sharp quillets cease.'

As with the dramatist himself, this is largely a question of mood. The weathercock of the mind sometimes points *into* the wind. Thus it comes about that even the dolefullest of the Songs may have been merrily set down; and contrariwise, one may suck melancholy out of the gayest of them 'as a weasel sucks eggs.'

If the comments of his characters be any guidance, too, Shakespeare himself took his songs as lightly as April its showers. 'Come we'll have you merry; I'll bring you where you shall hear music.' ' 'Tis no matter how it be in tune so it make noise enough,' ' 'Tis time lost to hear such a foolish song.' He could, it is true, eloquently adjure his Muse:

> Where art thou Muse, that thou forget'st so long
> To speak of that which gives thee all thy might?
> Spend'st thou thy fury on some worthless song,
> Darkening thy power to lend base subjects light?

Return, forgetful Muse, and straight redeem
In gentle numbers time so idly spent;
Sing to the ear that doth thy lays esteem
And gives thy pen both skill and argument . . .

Yet with all his heart and humour he delighted in 'silly sooth,' and to sing as 'extemporally' as a blackcap or a thrush. Creature of the folk as he assuredly was, whatever his confirmed views of the mob may have been, whenever he quoted bits of songs and ballads already 'old coynd gold,' he chose always 'the most popular and the best known.' Even his doggerel bears his hallmark, and is also, as characteristically, now Iago's: 'King Stephen was a worthy peer, His breeches cost him but a crown'; now Bottom's: 'The ousel cock, so black of hue, With orange tawny bill'; now Puck's: 'I go, I go; look how I go'; and 'On the ground Sleep sound'; and now Thisbe's: 'Asleep, my love? What, dead, my dove?' Compare these honest spontaneous jets of high spirits in kind and quality with this bosh, say, from *Locrine:*

. . . For merry pastime and joyful glee:
Dan, dan, dan, dan.
Most merry men we Cobblers be
Dan diddle dan.

The can stands full of nappie ale:
Dan, dan, dan, dan:
In our shop still withouten fail
Dan, diddle dan . . .

In brief, Shakespeare's songs were of his own genus, though of a score of species. They can be recognized (if the ear be sensitive enough or the method 'scientific' enough), by the choice and sequence and inflexion and melody and harmonics of his words—by his technique. This indeed, its verbal quality, is one unfailing test of all poetry; as it is also, largely, a test of a writer's sincerity. Like good metal, like fine glass, the Songs ring true.

While then enjoying the Songs in the reading as their maker joyed in their making, it is well to remember that while, down to the very least of them, they are what they are—nothing more and nothing less, and for the most part exceedingly reticent concerning the fundamental brainwork that went to their exquisitely complicated workmanship—they are also, like *Hamlet*, like *Macbeth*, like Falstaff, Iago, Prospero, Imogen, Miranda and their 700 odd Play-mates, together with the whole imaginative universe in which they had

their being, emphatically *his* work, and his work only—Shakespeare's. The flower of the chickweed may in itself be little evidence of divine creativeness, but, for its own brief moment, it is evidence enough.

WALTER DE LA MARE.

The
Shakespeare
SONGS

¶ *SONGS OF THE SEASONS*

I. Spring.

It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did pass,
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,
In the spring time, &c.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower
In the spring time, &c.

And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;
For love is crowned with the prime
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

II. When Daffodils Begin to Peer.

When daffodils begin to peer,
With heigh! the doxy, over the dale,
Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year;
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,
With heigh! the sweet birds, O, how they sing!
Doth set my pugging tooth an edge;
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

The lark, that tirra-lirra chants,
With, heigh! with, heigh! the thrush and the jay,
Are summer songs for me and my aunts,
While we lie tumbling in the hay.

III. Winter

III. Winter.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.
Then heigh-ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.
Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.
Then heigh-ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly.

IV. Antiphony of Spring and Winter.

Armado. This side is *Hiems*, Winter; this *Ver*, the Spring; the one maintained by the owl, th' other by the cuckoo. *Ver*, begin.

Spring.

When daisies pied and violets blue
And lady-smocks all silver-white
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue
Do paint the meadows with delight,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men; for thus sings he,
Cuckoo;
Cuckoo, cuckoo: O, word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,
When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,
And maidens bleach their summer smocks,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men; for thus sings he,
Cuckoo;
Cuckoo, cuckoo: O, word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

Winter

Winter.

When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipp'd, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-who;
Tu-whit, tu-who—a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-who;
Tu-whit, tu-who—a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

V. Night.

Now the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf behowls the moon;
Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,
All with weary task fordone.
Now the wasted brands do glow,
Whilst the screech-owl, screeching loud,
Puts the wretch that lies in woe
In remembrance of a shroud.
Now it is the time of night
That the graves, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his sprite,
In the church-way paths to glide:
And we fairies, that do run
By the triple Hecate's team,
From the presence of the sun,
Following darkness like a dream,
Now are frolic; not a mouse
Shall disturb this hallow'd house:
I am sent with broom before,
To sweep the dust behind the door.

VI. Bottom's Birds.

The woosel-cock, so black of hue,
With orange-tawny bill,
The throstle with his note so true,
The wren with little quill.

The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,
The plain-song cuckoo gray,
Whose note full many a man doth mark,
And dares not answer, nay.

VII. Fairy Lullaby.

You spotted snakes with double tongue,
Thorny hedge-hogs, be not seen;
Newts, and blind-worms, do no wrong;
Come not near our fairy queen.

Philomel, with melody,
Sing in our sweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby:
Never harm,
Nor spell, nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So, good night, with lullaby.

Weaving spiders come not here;
Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence!
Beetles black, approach not near;
Worm nor snail, do no offence.

Philomel,

Philomel, with melody,
Sing in our sweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby:
Never harm,
Nor spell, nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So, good night, with lullaby.

Hence, away! now all is well.
One aloof stand sentinel.

VIII. The

VIII. The Lot of the Humble-Bee.

FULL merrily the humble-bee doth sing,
Till he hath lost his honey and his sting;
And being once subdu'd in armed tail,
Sweet honey and sweet notes together fail.

IX. Odd Beasts and an Envoy.

THE fox, the ape, and the humble-bee
Were still at odds, being but three.

There's the moral. Now the *l'envoy*.
Moth. I will add the *l'envoy*. Say the moral again.

Armado. The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.
Moth. Until the goose came out of door,
And stay'd the odds by adding four.

Now will I begin your moral, and do you follow with my *l'envoy*.

The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.
Armado. Until the goose came out of door,
Staying the odds by adding four.

X. Armado's

X. Armado's Lion.

Thus dost thou hear the Nemean lion roar
'Gainst thee, thou lamb, that standest as his prey:
Submissive fall his princely feet before,
And he from forage will incline to play.
But if thou strive, poor soul, what art thou then?
Food for his rage, repasture for his den.

*XI. *The Welsh Parson Misremembers Marlowe.*

To shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals;
There will we make our peds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies.
To shallow—

Mercy on me! I have a great dispositions to cry.

Melodious birds sing madrigals,—
When as I sat in Pabylon,—
And a thousand vagram posies.
To shallow—

XII. Marching Song of Autolycus.

Jog on, jog on, the footpath way,
And merrily hent the stile-a:
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a.

XIII. Caliban's Marseillaise.

No more dams I'll make for fish;
Nor fetch in firing
At requiring,
Nor scrape trenchering, nor wash dish;
'Ban, 'Ban, Ca—Caliban,
Has a new master—Get a new man.

XIV. The

XIV. The Greenwood Tree.

UNDER the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleas'd with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

XV. Ariel

XV. Ariel Faces the Future.

WHERE the bee sucks, there suck I:
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily:
Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

XVI. Whither?

XVI. Whither?

Autolycus. GET you hence, for I must go,
Where it fits not you to know.
Dorcas. Whither?
Mopsa. O! whither?
Dorcas. Whither?
Mopsa. It becomes thy oath full well,
Thou to me thy secrets tell.
Dorcas. Me too: let me go thither.
Mopsa. Or thou go'st to the grange or mill.
Dorcas. If to either, thou dost ill.
Autolycus. Neither.
Dorcas. What, neither?
Autolycus. Neither.
Dorcas. Thou hast sworn my love to be.
Mopsa. Thou hast sworn it more to me:
Then whither go'st? say whither?

XVII. Titania's Henchman.

Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough brier,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander everywhere,
Swifter than the moonës sphere;
And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green:
The cowslips tall her pensioners be;
In their gold coats spots you see;
Those be rubies, fairy favours,
In their freckles live their savours:
I must go seek some dewdrops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

XVIII. Fairy

XVIII. Fairy Dance.

COME unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Curtsied when you have, and kiss'd,—
The wild waves whist,—
Foot it featly here and there;
And, sweet sprites, the burthen bear.
Hark, hark!

Burthen dispersedly: Bow, wow!

The watch-dogs bark:

Burthen: Bow, wow!

Hark, hark! I hear
The strain of strutting Chanticleer

Cry: Cock-a-diddle-dow.

XIX. *Fairy Visitation.*

Oberon. THROUGH the house give glimmering light
By the dead and drowsy fire;
Every elf and fairy sprite
Hop as light as bird from brier;
And this ditty after me
Sing and dance it trippingly.

Titania. First, rehearse your song by rote,
To each word a warbling note:
Hand in hand, with fairy grace,
Will we sing, and bless this place.

Oberon. Now, until the break of day,
Through this house each fairy stray.
To the best bride-bed will we,
Which by us shall blessed be;
And the issue there create
Ever shall be fortunate.
So shall all the couples three
Ever true in loving be;
And the blots of Nature's hand
Shall not in their issue stand:
Never mole, hare-lip, nor scar,
Nor mark prodigious, such as are
Despised

Despised in nativity,
Shall upon their children be.
With this field-dew consecrate,
Every fairy take his gait,
And each several chamber bless,
Through this palace, with sweet peace;
And the owner of it blest,
Ever shall in safety rest.
Trip away;
Make no stay;
Meet me all by break of day.

XX. Falstaff in Fairyland.

Fie on sinful fantasy!
Fie on lust and luxury!
Lust is but a bloody fire,
Kindled with unchaste desire,
Fed in heart, whose flames aspire,
As thoughts do blow them higher and higher.
Pinch him, fairies, mutually;
Pinch him for his villainy;
Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,
Till candles and star-light and moonshine be out.

XXI. Fairy March.

Up and down, up and down;
I will lead them up and down:
I am fear'd in field and town;
Goblin, lead them up and down.

XXII. Love Charms.

What thou seest when thou dost wake,
Do it for thy true-love take;
Love and languish for his sake:
Be it ounce, or cat, or bear,
Pard, or boar with bristled hair,
In thy eye that shall appear
When thou wak'st, it is thy dear.
Wake when some vile thing is near.

XXIII.

Churl, upon thy eyes I throw
All the power this charm doth owe.
When thou wak'st, let love forbid
Sleep his seat on thy eyelid:
So awake when I am gone;
For I must now to Oberon.

XXIV.

Flower of this purple dye,
Hit with Cupid's archery,
Sink in apple of his eye.
When his love he doth espy,
Let her shine as gloriously
As the Venus of the sky.
When thou wak'st, if she be by,
Beg of her for remedy.

XXV. The Charm Removed.

Be as thou wast wont to be;
See as thou wast wont to see:
Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower
Hath such force and blessed power.

XXVI. Invocation to Call Fools into a Circle.

If it do come to pass
That any man turn ass,
Leaving his wealth and ease,
A stubborn will to please,
Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame:
Here shall he see
Gross fools as he,
An if he will come to me.

XXVII. Charm

XXVII. Charm for Dogs.

Be thy mouth or black or white,
Tooth that poisons if it bite;
Mastiff, greyhound, mongrel grim,
Hound or spaniel, brach or lym;
Or bobtail tike or trundle-tail;
Tom will make them weep and wail:
For with throwing thus my head,
Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fled.

XXVIII. Gathering of Witches

First Witch. WHEN shall we three meet again
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?
Second Witch. When the hurlyburly's done,
When the battle's lost and won.
Third Witch. That will be ere the set of sun.
First Witch. Where the place?
Second Witch. Upon the heath.
Third Witch. There to meet with Macbeth.
First Witch. I come, Graymalkin!
Second Witch. Paddock calls.
Third Witch. Anon.
All. Fair is foul, and foul is fair:
Hover through the fog and filthy air.

XXIX. *The Charm's Wound Up.*

First Witch. Where hast thou been, sister?
Second Witch. Killing swine.
Third Witch. Sister, where thou?
First Witch. A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,
And munch'd, and munch'd, and munch'd: 'Give me,' quoth I:
'Aroint thee, witch!' the rump-fed ronyon cries.

Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tiger:
But in a sieve I'll thither sail,
And, like a rat without a tail,
I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.

Second Witch. I'll give thee a wind.
First Witch. Thou'rt kind.
Third Witch. And I another.

First Witch. I myself have all the other;
And the very ports they blow,
All the quarters that they know
I' the shipman's card.
I'll drain him dry as hay:
Sleep shall neither night nor day
Hang upon his pent-house lid;
He shall live a man forbid.

Weary

Weary se'nnights nine times nine
Shall he dwindle, peak and pine:
Though his bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest-tost.
Look what I have.

Second Witch. Show me, show me.
First Witch. Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wrack'd as homeward he did come.

Third Witch. A drum! a drum!
Macbeth doth come.

All. The weird sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the sea and land,
Thus do go about, about:
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice again, to make up nine.
Peace! the charm's wound up.

XXX. *Recitative by Hecate.

First Witch. Why, how now, Hecate! you look angerly.
Hecate. Have I not reason, beldams as you are,
Saucy and overbold? How did you dare

To trade and traffic with Macbeth
In riddles and affairs of death;
And I, the mistress of your charms,
The close contriver of all harms,
Was never call'd to bear my part,
Or show the glory of our art?
And, which is worse, all you have done
Hath been but for a wayward son,
Spiteful and wrathful; who, as others do,
Loves for his own ends, not for you.
But make amends now: get you gone,
And at the pit of Acheron
Meet me i' the morning: thither he
Will come to know his destiny:
Your vessels and your spells provide,
Your charms and everything beside.
I am for the air; this night I'll spend
Unto a dismal and a fatal end:
Great business must be wrought ere noon:
Upon the corner of the moon

There

There hangs a vaporous drop profound;
I'll catch it ere it come to ground:
And that distill'd by magic sleights
Shall raise such artificial sprites
As by the strength of their illusion
Shall draw him on to his confusion:
He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear
His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear;
And you all know security
Is mortals' chiefest enemy.

Music and a Song.

Hark! I am call'd; my little spirit, see,
Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me.

XXXI. The

XXXI. The Witches' Cauldron.

First Witch. THRICE the brinded cat hath mew'd.
Second Witch. Thrice and once the hedge-pig whin'd.
Third Witch. Harper cries: 'Tis time, 'tis time.
First Witch. Round about the cauldron go;
In the poison'd entrails throw.
Toad, that under cold stone
Days and nights hast thirty-one
Swelter'd venom sleeping got,
Boil thou first i' the charmed pot.
All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.
Second Witch. Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the cauldron boil and bake;
Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg, and howlet's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.
All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

Third

Third Witch. Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,
Witches' mummy, maw and gulf
Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark,
Root of hemlock digg'd i' the dark,
Liver of blaspheming Jew,
Gall of goat, and slips of yew
Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse,
Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips,
Finger of birth-strangled babe
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,
Make the gruel thick and slab:
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,
For the ingredients of our cauldron.
All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.
Second Witch. Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

**Enter* HECATE.

Hecate. O! well done! I commend your pains,
And every one shall share i' the gains.
And now about the cauldron sing,
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Enchanting all that you put in.

Music and a song, 'Black Spirits,' &c.

Second

Second Witch. By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes.
Open, locks,
Whoever knocks.

. . . . .

First Witch. Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten
Her nine farrow; grease, that's sweaten
From the murderer's gibbet throw
Into the flame.
All. Come, high or low;
Thyself and office deftly show.

. . . . .

Macbeth. Why sinks that cauldron? and what noise is this?
First Witch. Show!
Second Witch. Show!
Third Witch. Show!

All. Show his eyes, and grieve his heart;
Come like shadows, so depart.

A show of Eight Kings; and Banquo last, with a glass in his hand.

. . . . .

Macbeth. What! is this so?

First Witch. Ay, sir, all this is so: but why
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?
Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprites,
And show the best of our delights.
I'll charm the air to give a sound,
While you perform your antick round,
That this great king may kindly say,
Our duties did his welcome pay.

Music. The Witches dance, and vanish.

XXXII. Aroint Thee, Witch!

St. Withold footed thrice the 'old;
He met the night-mare, and her nine-fold;
Bid her alight,
And her troth plight,
And aroint thee, witch, aroint thee!

¶ *REVEILLE*

XXXIII. Sleep and Waking.

On the ground
Sleep sound:
I'll apply
To your eye,
Gentle lover, remedy.
When thou wak'st,
Thou tak'st
True delight
In the sight
Of thy former lady's eye:
And the country proverb known,
That every man should take his own,
In your waking shall be shown:
Jack shall have Jill;
Nought shall go ill;
The man shall have his mare again,
And all shall be well.

XXXIV. Ariel's Warning.

WHILE you here do snoring lie,
Open-ey'd Conspiracy
His time doth take.
If of life you keep a care,
Shake off slumber, and beware:
Awake! awake!

XXXV. Aubade for Imogen.

HARK! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chalic'd flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes;
With everything that pretty is,
My lady sweet, arise:
Arise, arise!

¶ *A LOVER AND HIS LASS*

XXXVI. Who is Silvia?

Who is Silvia? what is she?
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she;
The heaven such grace did lend her,
That she might admired be.

Is she kind as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness:
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness;
And, being help'd, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling.
To her let us garlands bring.

XXXVII. Thoughts' Freedom.

My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia nightly;
And slaves they are to me that send them flying:
O! could their master come and go as lightly,
Himself would lodge where senseless they are lying!
My herald thoughts in thy pure bosom rest them;
While I, their king, that thither them importune,
Do curse the grace that with such grace hath bless'd them,
Because myself do want my servants' fortune:
I curse myself, for they are sent by me,
That they should harbour where their lord should be.

XXXVIII. Youth

XXXVIII. *Youth so Apt to Pluck a Sweet.*

On a day, alack the day!
Love, whose month is ever May,
Spied a blossom passing fair
Playing in the wanton air:
Through the velvet leaves the wind,
All unseen, can passage find;
That the lover, sick to death,
Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.
Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow;
Air, would I might triumph so!
But alack! my hand is sworn
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn:
Vow, alack! for youth unmeet,
Youth so apt to pluck a sweet.
Do not call it sin in me,
That I am forsworn for thee;
Thou for whom e'en Jove would swear
Juno but an Ethiop were;
And deny himself for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love.

XXXIX. Berowne in Love.

If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?
Ah! never faith could hold, if not to beauty vow'd;
Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll faithful prove;
Those thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like osiers bow'd.
Study his bias leaves and makes his book thine eyes,
Where all those pleasures live that art would comprehend:
If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice.
Well learned is that tongue that well can thee commend;

All

All ignorant that soul that sees thee without
wonder;
Which is to me some praise that I thy parts
admire.
Thy eye Jove's lightning bears, thy voice his
dreadful thunder,
Which, not to anger bent, is music and sweet
fire.
Celestial as thou art, O! pardon love this wrong,
That sings heaven's praise with such an earthly
tongue!

XL. Metaphysical Love.

So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not
To those fresh morning drops upon the rose,
As thy eye-beams, when their fresh rays have smote
The night of dew that on my cheeks down flows:
Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright
Through the transparent bosom of the deep,
As doth thy face through tears of mine give light;
Thou shin'st in every tear that I do weep:
No drop but as a coach doth carry thee;
So ridest thou triumphing in my woe.
Do but behold the tears that swell in me,
And they thy glory through my grief will show:
But do not love thyself; then thou wilt keep
My tears for glasses, and still make me weep.
O queen of queens! how far dost thou excel,
No thought can think, nor tongue of mortal tell.

XLI. Love's

XLI. Love's Rhetoric.

Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,
'Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument,
Persuade my heart to this false perjury?
Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.
A woman I forswore; but I will prove,
Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee:
My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;
Thy grace being gain'd, cures all disgrace in me.
Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is:
Then thou, fair sun, which on my earth dost shine,
Exhal'st this vapour-vow; in thee it is:
If broken, then, it is no fault of mine:
If by me broke, what fool is not so wise
To lose an oath to win a paradise?

XLII. Rosalind

XLII. Rosalind.

From the east to western Ind,
No jewel is like Rosalind.
Her worth, being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Rosalind.
All the pictures fairest lin'd
Are but black to Rosalind.
Let no face be kept in mind,
But the fair of Rosalind.

XLIII. Civil

XLIII. Civil Sayings.

Why should this a desert be?
For it is unpeopled? No;
Tongues I'll hang on every tree,
That shall civil sayings show.
Some, how brief the life of man
Runs his erring pilgrimage,
That the stretching of a span
Buckles in his sum of age;
Some, of violated vows
'Twixt the souls of friend and friend:
But upon the fairest boughs,
Or at every sentence' end,
Will I Rosalinda write;
Teaching all that read to know
The quintessence of every sprite
Heaven would in little show.

Therefore

Therefore Heaven Nature charg'd
  That one body should be fill'd
With all graces wide enlarg'd:
  Nature presently distill'd
Helen's cheek, but not her heart,
  Cleopatra's majesty,
Atalanta's better part,
  Sad Lucretia's modesty.
Thus Rosalind of many parts
  By heavenly synod was devis'd
Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,
  To have the touches dearest priz'd.
Heaven would that she these gifts should have,
And I to live and die her slave.

XLIV. Phebe's

XLIV. Phebe's Offer.

Art thou god to shepherd turn'd,
That a maiden's heart hath burn'd?
Why, thy godhead laid apart,
Warr'st thou with a woman's heart?
Whiles the eye of man did woo me,
That could do no vengeance to me.
If the scorn of your bright eyne
Have power to raise such love in mine,
Alack! in me what strange effect
Would they work in mild aspect.
Whiles you chid me, I did love;
How then might your prayers move!
He that brings this love to thee
Little knows this love in me;
And by him seal up thy mind;
Whether that thy youth and kind
Will the faithful offer take
Of me and all that I can make;
Or else by him my love deny,
And then I'll study how to die.

XLV. O Mistress Mine!

O MISTRESS mine! where are you roaming?
O! stay and hear; your true love's coming,
  That can sing both high and low.
Trip no further, pretty sweeting;
Journeys end in lovers meeting,
  Every wise man's son doth know.

What is love? 'tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
  What's to come is still unsure:
In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,
  Youth's a stuff will not endure.

XLVI. The

XLVI. The Happy Lover.

You that choose not by the view,
Chance as fair and choose as true!
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content and seek no new.

If you be well pleas'd with this
And hold your fortune for your bliss,
Turn you where your lady is
And claim her with a loving kiss.

XLVII. Hymen's Awards.

PEACE, ho! I bar confusion:
'Tis I must make conclusion
Of these most strange events:
Here's eight that must take hands
To join in Hymen's bands,
If truth holds true contents.

To Orlando and Rosalind:

You and you no cross shall part:

To Oliver and Celia:

You and you are heart in heart:

To Phebe:

You to his love must accord,
Or have a woman to your lord:

To Touchstone and Audrey:

You and you are sure together,
As the winter to foul weather.

Whiles a wedlock hymn we sing,
Feed yourselves with questioning,
That reason wonder may diminish,
How thus we met, and these things finish.

XLVIII. Wedding Ode.

THEN is there mirth in heaven,
When earthly things made even
  Atone together.
Good duke, receive thy daughter;
Hymen from heaven brought her;
  Yea, brought her hither,
That thou mightst join her hand with his,
Whose heart within her bosom is.

XLIX. Hymn to Hymen.

WEDDING is great Juno's crown:
  O blessed bond of board and bed!
'Tis Hymen peoples every town;
  High wedlock then be honoured.
Honour, high honour, and renown,
To Hymen, god of every town!

L. Prothalamion by Celestials.

Juno. Honour, riches, marriage-blessing,
Long continuance, and increasing,
Hourly joys be still upon you!
Juno sings her blessings on you.

Ceres. Earth's increase, foison plenty,
Barns and garners never empty;
Vines, with clust'ring bunches growing;
Plants with goodly burthen bowing;
Spring come to you at the farthest
In the very end of harvest!
Scarcity and want shall shun you;
Ceres' blessing so is on you.

LI. The Huntsman.

WHAT shall he have that kill'd the deer?
His leather skin and horns to wear.
Then sing him home.

The rest shall bear this burthen:

Take thou no scorn to wear the horn;
It was a crest ere thou wast born:
Thy father's father wore it,
And thy father bore it:
The horn, the horn, the lusty horn
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.

LII. '*Hunting the Letter.*'

THE preyful princess pierc'd and prick'd
a pretty pleasing pricket.
Some say a sore; but not a sore,
till now made sore with shooting.
The dogs did yell; put 'ell' to sore,
then sorel jumps from thicket:
Or pricket, sore, or else sorel;
the people fall a hooting.
If sore be sore, than L to sore
makes fifty sores one sorel.
Of one sore I an hundred make
by adding but one more L.

LIII. The Sailor.

THE master, the swabber, the boatswain and I,
The gunner and his mate,
Lov'd Mall, Meg, and Marian and Margery,
But none of us car'd for Kate;
For she had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a sailor, 'Go hang!'
She lov'd not the savour of tar nor of pitch,
Yet a tailor might scratch her where'er she did itch:
Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang.

LIV. The Soldier

KNOCKS go and come: God's vassals drop and die;
And sword and shield
In bloody field
Doth win immortal fame.

LV. The Drinker.

And let me the canakin clink, clink;
And let me the canakin clink;
A soldier's a man;
A life's but a span;
Why then let a soldier drink.

LVI. In the High Roman Manner

Come, thou monarch of the vine,
Plumpy Bacchus, with pink eyne!
In thy fats our cares be drown'd,
With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd:
Cup us, till the world go round,
Cup us, till the world go round!

LVII. Vociferous

LVII. Vociferous Silence.

Silence. Ah, sirrah! quoth a', we shall

Do nothing but eat, and make good cheer,
And praise God for the merry year;
When flesh is cheap and females dear,
And lusty lads roam here and there,
So merrily,
And ever among so merrily.

LVIII.

Be merry, be merry, my wife has all:
For women are shrews, both short and tall:
'Tis merry in hall when beards wag all,
And welcome merry Shrove-tide.
Be merry, be merry.

LIX.

A CUP of wine that's brisk and fine,
And drink unto the leman mine;
And a merry heart lives long-a.

LX. The Pedlar.

I have served Prince Florizel and in my time wore three-pile; but now I am out of service:

BUT shall I go mourn for that, my dear?
The pale moon shines by night;
And when I wander here and there,
I then do most go right.

If tinkers may have leave to live,
And bear the sow-skin bowget,
Then my account I well may give,
And in the stocks avouch it.

LXI. Come

LXI. Come Buy!

Lawn as white as driven snow;
Cypress black as e'er was crow;
Gloves as sweet as damask roses;
Masks for faces and for noses;
Bugle-bracelet, necklace-amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber;
Golden quoifs and stomachers,
For my lads to give their dears;
Pins and poking-sticks of steel;
What maids lack from head to heel:
Come buy of me, come; come buy, come buy;
Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry:
Come buy!

LXII.

WILL you buy any tape,
Or lace for your cape,
My dainty duck, my dear-a?
Any silk, any thread,
Any toys for your head,
Of the new'st and fin'st, fin'st wear-a?
Come to the pedlar;
Money's a meddler,
That doth utter all men's ware-a.

¶ *NOSTALGIA*

LXIII. Home Thoughts from Abroad.

Boy. Would I were in an alehouse in London! I would give all my fame for a pot of ale and safety.

Pistol. And I:

If wishes would prevail with me,
My purpose should not fail with me,
But thither would I hie.

Boy. As duly, but not as truly,
As bird doth sing on bough.

¶ *TAVERN CATCHES*

LXIV. Silence's Pledge.

FILL the cup, and let it come!
I'll pledge you a mile to the bottom.

LXV. Stephano's Catch, 'played by the picture of Nobody.'

FLOUT 'em, and scout 'em; and scout 'em, and flout 'em;
Thought is free.

LXVI. An Old Saying.

Rosaline. Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it,
Thou canst not hit it, my good man.
Boyet. An I cannot, cannot, cannot,
An I cannot, another can.

LXVII. Mercutio

LXVII. Mercutio on Hare.

An old hare hoar,
And an old hare hoar,
Is very good meat in Lent:
But a hare that is hoar
Is too much for a score,
When it hoars ere it be spent.

LXVIII. Feste's Epilogue.

When that I was and-a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain;
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain;
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gates,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came, alas! to wive,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain;
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came unto my beds,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain;
With toss-pots still had drunken heads,
For the rain it raineth every day.

A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain;
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day.

LXIX. Song by Ophelia.

How should I your true love know
From another one?
By his cockle hat and staff,
And his sandal shoon.

He is dead and gone, lady,
He is dead and gone;
At his head a grass-green turf
At his heels a stone.

White his shroud as the mountain snow,
Larded with sweet flowers;
Which bewept to the grave did go
With true-love showers.

LXX. St. Valentine's Day.

To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day,
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine:

Then up he rose, and donn'd his clothes,
And dupp'd the chamber door;
Let in the maid, that out a maid
Never departed more.

By Gis and by Saint Charity,
Alack, and fie for shame!
Young men will do 't, if they come to 't;
By Cock they are to blame.

Quoth she, before you tumbled me,
You promis'd me to wed:
'So would I ha' done, by yonder sun,
An thou hadst not come to my bed.'

*LXXI. *Song*

*LXXI. *Song of the Gravedigger.*

In youth, when I did love, did love,
Methought it was very sweet,
To contract, O! the time, for ah!, my behove,
O, methought there was nothing meet.

But age, with his stealing steps,
Hath caught me in his clutch,
And hath shipped me intil the land,
As if I had never been such.

A pick-axe and a spade, a spade,
For and a shrouding sheet;
O, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet.
O, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet.

 *LXXII. *King*

*LXXII. *King Stephen.*

KING STEPHEN was and-a worthy peer,
His breeches cost him but a crown;
He held them sixpence all too dear,
With that he call'd the tailor lown.

He was a wight of high renown,
And thou art but of low degree:
'Tis pride that pulls the country down,
Then take thine auld cloak about thee.

*LXXIII. *The*

*LXXIII. *The Song of Willow.*

The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree,
Sing all a green willow;
Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,
Sing willow, willow, willow:

The fresh streams ran by her, and murmur'd her moans;
Sing willow, willow, willow:
Her salt tears fell from her, and soften'd the stones;—
Sing willow, willow, willow:
Sing all a green willow must be my garland.

Let nobody blame him, his scorn I approve,—
I call'd my love false love; but what said he then?
Sing willow, willow, willow:
If I court moe women, you'll couch with moe men.

LXXIV. Appeal for Posthumus.

Sicilius. No more, thou thunder-master, show
Thy spite on mortal flies:
With Mars fall out, with Juno chide,
That thy adulteries
Rates and revenges.

Hath my poor boy done aught but
well,
Whose face I never saw?
I died whilst in the womb he stay'd
Attending nature's law:

Whose father then—as men report,
Thou orphans' father art—
Thou shouldst have been, and shielded
him
From this earth-vexing smart.

Mother. Lucina lent not me her aid,
But took me in my throes;
That from me was Posthumus ript,
Came crying 'mongst his foes,
A thing of pity!

Sicilius.

Sicilius. Great nature, like his ancestry,
Moulded the stuff so fair,
That he deserv'd the praise o' the world,
As great Sicilius' heir.

First Brother. When once he was mature for man,
In Britain where was he
That could stand up his parallel,
Or fruitful object be
In eye of Imogen, that best
Could deem his dignity?

Mother. With marriage wherefore was he mock'd,
To be exil'd, and thrown
From Leonati seat, and cast
From her, his dearest one,
Sweet Imogen?

Sicilius. Why did you suffer Iachimo,
Slight thing of Italy,
To taint his nobler heart and brain
With needless jealousy;

And to become the geck and scorn
O' the other's villainy?

Second Brother. For this from stiller seats we came,
Our parents and us twain,
That striking in our country's cause
Fell bravely and were slain;
Our fealty and Tenantius' right
With honour to maintain.

First Brother. Like hardiment Posthumus hath
To Cymbeline perform'd:
Then Jupiter, thou king of gods,
Why hast thou thus adjourn'd
The graces for his merits due,
Being all to dolours turn'd?

Sicilius. Thy crystal window ope; look out;
No longer exercise
Upon a valiant race thy harsh
And potent injuries.

Mother. Since, Jupiter, our son is good,
Take off his miseries.

Sicilius.

Sicilius. Peep through thy marble mansion; help!
Or we poor ghosts will cry
To the shining synod of the rest
Against thy deity.

Both Brothers. Help, Jupiter! or we appeal,
And from thy justice fly.

*LXXV. *The Lording's Daughter.*

It was a lording's daughter, the fairest one of three,
That liked of her master as well as well might be,
Till looking on an Englishman, the fair'st that eye could see,
Her fancy fell a-turning.

Long was the combat doubtful that love with love did fight,
To leave the master loveless, or kill the gallant knight:
To put in practice either, alas! it was a spite
Unto the silly damsel.

But one must be refused; more mickle was the pain
That nothing could be used to turn them both to gain,
For of the two the trusty knight was wounded with disdain:
Alas! she could not help it.

Thus

Thus art with arms contending was victor of
the day,
Which by a gift of learning did bear the maid
away;
Then lullaby, the learned man hath got the
lady gay;
For now my song is ended.

¶ *BALLAD*

¶ *BALLAD SCRAPS*

1.

And Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John.

2.

But mice and rats and such small deer
Have been Tom's food for seven long year.

3.

Child Rowland to the dark tower came.
His word was still, Fie, foh, and fum,
I smell the blood of a British man.

4.

Come o'er the bourn, Bessy, to me,—
Fool. Her boat hath a leak,
And she must not speak
Why she dares not come over to thee.

5.

Do me right,
And dub me knight;
Samingo.

6.

6.

Sir Toby. Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone . . .
Feste. His eyes do show his days are almost done . . .
Sir Toby. But I will never die.
Feste Sir Toby, there you lie . . .
Sir Toby. Shall I bid him go?
Feste. What an if you do?
Sir Toby. Shall I bid him go, and spare not?
Feste. O no, no, no, no, you dare not!

7.

For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy.

8.

Hey Robin, jolly Robin,
Tell me how thy lady does.

My lady is unkind, perdy!

Alas, why is she so?

She loves another.

9.

9.

Have I caught my heavenly jewel?

10.

I shall no more to sea, to sea,
Here shall I die ashore.

11.

It was the friar of orders grey,
As he forth walked on his way.

12.

Hamlet. O Jephthah, judge of Israel, what a treasure hadst thou?

Polonius. What a treasure had he, my lord?

Hamlet. Why,

One fair daughter and no more,
The which he loved passing well . . .

Am I not in the right, old Jephthah?

Polonius. If you call me Jephthah, my lord, I have a daughter that I love passing well.

Hamlet. Nay, that follows not.

Polonius. What follows, then, my lord?

Hamlet. Why,

As by lot, God wot.

And then, you know,

It came to pass, as most like it was—

The first row of the pious chanson will show you more.

13.

13.

Pandarus. 'O heart,' as the goodly saying is,—
O heart, heavy heart,
Why sigh'st thou without breaking?
when he answers again,
Because thou canst not ease thy smart
By friendship nor by speaking.

14.

Touchstone. Farewell, good Master Oliver: not
O sweet Oliver!
O brave Oliver!
Leave me not behind thee:
but,
Wind away,
Begone, I say.
I will not to wedding with thee.

15.

O, the twelfth day of December!

16.

Sleepest or wakest thou, jolly shepherd?
Thy sheep be in the corn;
And for one blast of thy minikin mouth,
Thy sheep shall take no harm.

17.

17.

Tillyvally, lady!
There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady.

Farewell, ancient lady; farewell,
Lady, lady, lady.

18.

When Arthur first in court—
And was a worthy king.

19.

Where is the life that late I led?

20.

You must sing, a-down a-down,
And you must call him a-down-a.

21.

A four-line improvisation in the ballad manner, rather like those illustrated in nos. XCIII and XCIV, is recited by Pistol in *The Merry Wives of Windsor* (I.iii. 103–106):–

And I to Ford shall eke unfold
How Falstaff, varlet vile,
His dove will prove, his gold will hold,
And his soft couch defile.

LXXVI. Hamlet to Ophelia.

DOUBT thou the stars are fire;
Doubt that the sun doth move;
Doubt truth to be a liar;
But never doubt I love.

LXXVII. Love's Contrariness.

LOVE like a shadow flies when substance love pursues;
Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues.

LXXVIII. Snare for Malvolio.

JOVE knows I love;
But who?
Lips, do not move:
No man must know.

 LXXIX. Another.

LXXIX. Another.

I MAY command where I adore;
But silence, like a Lucrece knife,
With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore:
M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.

LXXX. The Fool's Warning.

MUM, mum.
He that keeps nor crust nor crumb,
Weary of all, shall want some.

LXXXI. The Knight's Signature.

THINE own true knight,
By day or night,
Or any kind of light,
With all his might
For thee to fight,
JOHN FALSTAFF.

LXXXII. Song

LXXXII. *Song of One not Born under a Rhyming Planet.*

The god of love,
That sits above,
And knows me, and knows me,
How pitiful I deserve.

LXXXIII. So Runs the World Away.

Why, let the stricken deer go weep,
The hart ungalled play;
For some must watch, while some must sleep:
So runs the world away.

LXXXIV. Content.

He that has and-a little tiny wit,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
Must make content with his fortunes fit,
Though the rain it raineth every day.

LXXXV. Beauty's

LXXXV. Beauty's Deceptions.

If she be made of white and red,
Her faults will ne'er be known,
For blushing cheeks by faults are bred,
And fears by pale white shown:

Then if she fear, or be to blame,
By this you shall not know,
For still her cheeks possess the same
Which native she doth owe.

LXXXVI. The Golden Casket.

All that glisters is not gold;
Often have you heard that told:
Many a man his life hath sold
But my outside to behold:
Gilded tombs do worms infold.
Had you been as wise as bold,
Young in limbs, in judgment old,
Your answer had not been inscroll'd:
Fare you well; your suit is cold.

LXXXVII. The Silver Casket.

The fire seven times tried this:
Seven times tried that judgment is
That did never choose amiss.
Some there be that shadows kiss;
Such have but a shadow's bliss.
There be fools alive, I wis,
Silver'd o'er; and so was this.
Take what wife you will to bed,
I will ever be your head:
So be gone, sir: you are sped.

LXXXVIII. The

LXXXVIII. The Way to Wealth.

HAVE more than thou showest,
Speak less than thou knowest,
Lend less than thou owest,
Ride more than thou goest,
Learn more than thou trowest,
Set less than thou throwest;
Leave thy drink and thy whore,
And keep in-a-door,
And thou shalt have more
Than two tens to a score.

LXXXIX. A Prophecy.

When priests are more in word than matter;
When brewers mar their malt with water;
When nobles are their tailors' tutors;
No heretics burn'd, but wenches' suitors;
When every case in law is right;
No squire in debt, nor no poor knight;
When slanders do not live in tongues;
Nor cutpurses come not to throngs;
When usurers tell their gold i' the field;
And bawds and whores do churches build,
Then shall the realm of Albion
Come to great confusion:
Then comes the time, who lives to see 't
That going shall be us'd with feet.

This prophecy Merlin shall make; for I live before his time.

*XC. *Youth*

XC. *Youth and Age.

Crabbed age and youth cannot live together:
Youth is full of pleasure, age is full of care;
Youth like summer morn, age like winter weather;
Youth like summer brave, age like winter bare.

Youth is full of sport, age's breath is short;
Youth is nimble, age is lame;
Youth is hot and bold, age is weak and cold;
Youth is wild, and age is tame.

Age, I do abhor thee; youth, I do adore thee;
O! my love, my love is young:
Age, I do defy thee: O! sweet shepherd, hie thee,
For methinks thou stay'st too long.

XCI. Feste to Malvolio.

I AM gone, sir,
And anon, sir,
I'll be with you again
In a trice,
Like to the old Vice,
Your need to sustain;
Who with dagger of lath,
In his rage and his wrath,
Cries, Ah, ah! to the devil:
Like a mad lad,
Pare thy nails, dad;
Adieu, goodman devil.

XCII. Death

XCII. *Death Songs of Pyramus and Thisbe.*

Pyramus. But stay, O spite!
But mark, poor knight,
What dreadful dole is here!
Eyes, do you see?
How can it be?
O dainty duck! O dear!
Thy mantle good,
What! stain'd with blood!
Approach, ye Furies fell!
O Fates, come, come,
Cut thread and thrum;
Quail, crush, conclude, and quell!

O! wherefore, Nature, didst thou lions frame?
Since lion vile hath here deflower'd my dear?
Which is—no, no—which was the fairest dame
That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd with cheer.

Come tears, confound;
Out, sword, and wound
The pap of Pyramus:
Ay, that left pap,
Where heart doth hop:
Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.

Stabs himself.

Now

Now am I dead,
Now am I fled;
My soul is in the sky:
Tongue, lose thy light!
Moon, take they flight!
Now die, die, die, die, die.

. . . . . .

Thisbe. Asleep, my love?
What, dead, my dove?
O Pyramus, arise!
Speak, speak! Quite dumb?
Dead, dead! A tomb
Must cover thy sweet eyes.
These lily lips,
This cherry nose,
These yellow cowslip cheeks,
Are gone, are gone:
Lovers, make moan!
His eyes were green as leeks.
O, Sisters Three,
Come, come to me,
With hands as pale as milk;
Lay them in gore,
Since you have shore

With

With shears his thread of silk.
Tongue, not a word:
Come, trusty sword:
Come, blade, my breast imbrue:

Stabs herself.

And farewell, friends;
Thus Thisby ends:
Adieu, adieu, adieu.

XCIII. A Part to Tear a Cat in.

The raging rocks
And shivering shocks
Shall break the locks
Of prison gates:
And Phibbus' car
Shall shine from far,
And make and mar
The foolish Fates.

XCIV. Destiny

XCIV. Destiny.

For I the ballad will repeat,
Which men full true shall find;
Your marriage comes by destiny,
Your cuckoo sings by kind.

*XCV. *A Song Corrupted.*

Was this fair face the cause, quoth she,
Why the Grecians sacked Troy?
Fond done, done fond,
Was this King Priam's joy?
With that she sighed as she stood,
With that she sighed as she stood,
And gave this sentence then;
Among nine bad if one be good,
Among nine bad if one be good,
There's yet one good in ten.

XCVI. False

XCVI. False Gallop of Verses.

If a hart do lack a hind,
Let him seek out Rosalind.
If the cat will after kind,
So be sure will Rosalind.
Winter garments must be lined,
So must slender Rosalind.
They that reap must sheaf and bind;
Then to cart with Rosalind.
Sweetest nut hath sourest rind,
Such a nut is Rosalind.
He that sweetest rose will find
Must find love's prick and Rosalind.

XCVII. Pandarus on Love.

Love, love, nothing but love, still more!
For, oh! love's bow
Shoots buck and doe:
The shaft confounds
Not that it wounds,
But tickles still the sore.
These lovers cry O! O! they die!
Yet that which seems the wound to kill,
Doth turn O! O! to ha! ha! he!
So dying love lives still:
O! O! a while, but ha! ha! ha!
O! O! groans out for ha! ha! ha!—heigh-ho!

XCVIII. Apemantus'

XCVIII. *Apemantus' Grace before Meat.*

Immortal gods, I crave no pelf;
I pray for no man but myself:
Grant I may never prove so fond,
To trust man on his oath or bond;
Or a harlot for her weeping;
Or a dog that seems a-sleeping;
Or a keeper with my freedom;
Or my friends, if I should need 'em.
Amen. So fall to 't:
Rich men sin, and I eat root.

XCIX. *In the State of Denmark.*

For thou dost know, O Damon dear,
This realm dismantled was
Of Jove himself; and now reigns here
A very, very—pajock.

C. Fool's Wisdom.

Fool. THAT lord that counsell'd thee
To give away thy land,
Come place him here by me,
Do thou for him stand:
The sweet and bitter fool
Will presently appear;
The one in motley here,
The other found out there.

CI.

FOOLS had ne'er less grace in a year;
For wise men are grown foppish,
And know not how their wits to wear,
Their manners are so apish.

Then they for sudden joy did weep,
And I for sorrow sung,
That such a king should play bo-peep,
And go the fools among.

CII.

CII.

A FOX, when one has caught her,
And such a daughter,
Should sure to the slaughter,
If my cap would buy a halter:
So the fool follows after.

CIII.

FATHERS that wear rags
  Do make their children blind,
But fathers that bear bags
  Shall see their children kind.
Fortune, that arrant whore,
Ne'er turns the key to the poor.

CIV.

THAT sir which serves and seeks for gain,
And follows but for form,
Will pack when it begins to rain,
And leave thee in the storm.

But I will tarry; the fool will stay,
And let the wise man fly:
The knave turns fool that runs away;
The fool no knave, perdy.

CV.

THE cod-piece that will house
Before the head has any,
The head and he shall louse;
So beggars marry many.

The man that makes his toe
What he his heart should make,
Shall of a corn cry woe,
And turn his sleep to wake.

CVI. Sigh No More.

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot in sea, and one on shore,
To one thing constant never.
Then sigh not so,
But let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into Hey nonny, nonny.

Sing no more ditties, sing no moe
Of dumps so dull and heavy;
The fraud of men was ever so,
Since summer first was leavy.
Then sigh not so,
But let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into Hey nonny, nonny.

CVII. Seals of Love.

TAKE, O take those lips away,
  That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
  Lights that do mislead the morn:
But my kisses bring again,
                bring again,
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain,
                seal'd in vain.

*CVIII. *Farewell*

*CVIII. *Farewell to Love.*

My flocks feed not,
My ewes breed not,
My rams speed not,
All is amiss:
Love's denying,
Faith's defying,
Heart's renying,
Causer of this.
All my merry jigs are quite forgot,
All my lady's love is lost, God wot:
Where her faith was firmly fix'd in love,
There a nay is plac'd without remove.
One silly cross
Wrought all my loss;
O! frowning Fortune, cursed, fickle dame;
For now I see
Inconstancy
More in women than in men remain.

In black mourn I,
All fears scorn I,
Love hath forlorn me,
Living in thrall:

Heart is bleeding,
All help needing,
O cruel speeding,
  Fraughted with gall.
My shepherd's pipe can sound no deal;
My wether's bell rings doleful knell;
My curtail dog, that wont to have play'd,
Plays not at all, but seems afraid;
My sighs so deep
Procure to weep,
  In howling wise, to see my doleful plight.
How sighs resound
Through heartless ground,
  Like a thousand vanquish'd men in bloody fight.

Clear wells spring not,
Sweet birds sing not,
Green plants bring not
  Forth their dye;
Herds stand weeping,
Flocks all sleeping,
Nymphs back peeping
  Fearfully:

All

All our pleasure known to us poor swains,
All our merry meetings on the plains,
All our evening sport from us is fled,
All our love is lost, for Love is dead.
Farewell, sweet lass,
Thy like ne'er was
  For a sweet content, the cause of all my moan:
Poor Corydon
Must live alone;
  Other help for him I see that there is none.

*CIX. *Most Friendship is Feigning.*

As it fell upon a day
In the merry month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade
Which a grove of myrtles made,
Beasts did leap, and birds did sing,
Trees did grow, and plants did spring:
Everything did banish moan,
Save the nightingale alone.
She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
Lean'd her breast up-till a thorn,
And there sung the doleful'st ditty,
That to hear it was great pity.
'Fie, fie, fie!' now would she cry;
'Tereu, Tereu!' by and by;
That to hear her so complain,
Scarce I could from tears refrain;
For her griefs, so lively shown,
Made me think upon mine own.
Ah! thought I, thou mourn'st in vain,
None takes pity on thy pain:
Senseless trees they cannot hear thee,
Ruthless beasts they will not cheer thee:

King

King Pandion he is dead,
All thy friends are lapp'd in lead;
All thy fellow birds do sing,
Careless of thy sorrowing.
Even so, poor bird, like thee,
None alive will pity me.
Whilst as fickle Fortune smil'd,
Thou and I were both beguil'd.

Every one that flatters thee
Is no friend in misery.
Words are easy, like the wind;
Faithful friends are hard to find:
Every man will be thy friend
Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend;
But if store of crowns be scant,
No man will supply thy want.
If that one be prodigal,
Bountiful they will him call,
And with such-like flattering,
'Pity but he were a king.'
If he be addict to vice,
Quickly him they will entice;
If to women he be bent,
They have him at commandëment:

But

But if Fortune once do frown,
Then farewell his great renown;
They that fawn'd on him before
Use his company no more.
He that is thy friend indeed,
He will help thee in thy need:
If thou sorrow, he will weep;
If thou wake, he cannot sleep:
Thus of every grief in heart
He with thee does bear a part.
These are certain signs to know
Faithful friend from flattering foe.

*CX. *Music*

CX. *Music the Comforter.

ORPHEUS with his lute made trees,
And the mountain tops that freeze,
Bow themselves, when he did sing:
To his music plants and flowers
Ever sprung; as sun and showers
There had made a lasting spring.

Everything that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art,
Killing care and grief of heart
Fall asleep, or hearing, die.

CXI. *The Queen's Musician Quoted.

WHEN griping grief the heart doth wound,
And doleful dumps the mind oppress,
Then music with her silver sound—

Then music with her silver sound
With speedy help doth lend redress.

¶ *EPITAPHS*

CXII. Hero.

Done to death by slanderous tongues
Was the Hero that here lies:
Death, in guerdon of her wrongs,
Gives her fame which never dies.
So the life that died with shame
Lives in death with glorious fame.

Hang thou there upon the tomb,
Praising her when I am dumb.

CXIII. Marina

CXIII. Marina.

THE fairest, sweet'st, and best lies here,
Who wither'd in her spring of year.
She was of Tyrus the king's daughter,
On whom foul death hath made this slaughter.
Marina was she call'd; and at her birth,
Thetis, being proud, swallow'd some part o' the earth:
Therefore the earth, fearing to be o'erflow'd,
Hath Thetis' birth-child on the heavens bestow'd:
Wherefore she does, and swears she'll never stint,
Make raging battery upon shores of flint.

*CXIV. *Timon's*

*CXIV. *Timon's Double Epitaph.*

HERE lies a wretched corse, of wretched soul bereft.
Seek not my name: a plague consume you wicked caitiffs left!

Here lie I, Timon; who, alive, all living men did hate:
Pass by and curse thy fill, but pass and stay not here thy gait.

CXV. Epitaph at Stratford.

GOOD friend, for Jesus' sake forbear
To dig the dust enclosed here.
Blest be the man that spares these stones,
And curst be he that moves my bones.

CXVI. Fancy's Knell.

Tell me where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart or in the head?
How begot, how nourished?
Reply, reply.
It is engender'd in the eyes,
With gazing fed; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies.
Let us all ring fancy's knell:
I'll begin it,—Ding, dong, bell.
All. Ding, dong, bell.

CXVII. Come Away, Death.

Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O! prepare it.
My part of death, no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown.
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O! where
Sad true lover never find my grave,
To weep there.

CXVIII. Dirge for Hero.

PARDON, goddess of the night,
Those that slew thy virgin knight;
For the which, with songs of woe,
Round about her tomb they go.
Midnight, assist our moan;
Help us to sigh and groan,
Heavily, heavily:
Graves, yawn and yield your dead,
Till death be uttered,
Heavily, heavily.

Claudio. Now, unto thy bones good night!
Yearly will I do this rite.

CXIX. Ophelia's Laments.

They bore him barefac'd on the bier;
Hey non nonny, nonny, hey nonny;
And on his grave rains many a tear—
Fare you well, my dove!

CXX.

And will he not come again?
And will he not come again?
No, no, he is dead;
Go to thy death-bed,
He never will come again.

His beard as white as snow
All flaxen was his poll,
He is gone, he is gone,
And we cast away moan:
Gramercy on his soul!

CXXI. *Dirge for Fidele.*

Guiderius. Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages;
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Arviragus. Fear no more the frown o' the great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke:
Care no more to clothe and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Guiderius. Fear no more the lightning-flash,
Arviragus. Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;
Guiderius. Fear not slander, censure rash;
Arviragus. Thou hast finish'd joy and moan:
Both. All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

Guiderius. No exorciser harm thee!
Arviragus. Nor no witchcraft charm thee!
Guiderius. Ghost unlaid forbear thee!
Arviragus. Nothing ill come near thee!
Both. Quiet consummation have;
And renowned be thy grave!

CXXII. A

CXXII. A Sea-change.

FULL fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made:
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:

Burthen: ding-dong.

Hark! now I hear them,—ding-dong, bell.

CXXIII. The

CXXIII. *The Phœnix and the Turtle.*

Let the bird of loudest lay,
On the sole Arabian tree,
Herald sad and trumpet be,
To whose sound chaste wings obey.

But thou shrieking harbinger,
Foul precurrer of the fiend,
Augur of the fever's end,
To this troop come thou not near.

From this session interdict
Every fowl of tyrant wing,
Save the eagle, feather'd king:
Keep the obsequy so strict.

Let the priest in surplice white
That defunctive music can,
Be the death-divining swan,
Lest the requiem lack his right.

And thou treble-dated crow,
That thy sable gender mak'st
With the breath thou giv'st and tak'st,
'Mongst our mourners shalt thou go.

Here

Here the anthem doth commence:
Love and constancy is dead;
Phœnix and the turtle fled
In a mutual flame from hence.

So they lov'd, as love in twain
Had the essence but in one;
Two distincts, division none:
Number there in love was slain.

Hearts remote, yet not asunder;
Distance, and no space was seen
'Twixt the turtle and his queen:
But in them it were a wonder.

So between them love did shine,
That the turtle saw his right
Flaming in the phœnix' sight;
Either was the other's mine.

Property was thus appall'd,
That the self was not the same;
Single nature's double name
Neither two nor one was call'd.

 Reason,

Reason, in itself confounded,
Saw division grow together;
To themselves yet either neither,
Simple were so well compounded,

That it cried, 'How true a twain
Seemeth this concordant one!
Love hath reason, reason none,
If what parts can so remain.'

Whereupon it made this threne
To the phœnix and the dove,
Co-supremes and stars of love,
As chorus to their tragic scene.

Threnos

Beauty, truth, and rarity,
Grace in all simplicity,
Here enclos'd in cinders lie.

Death is now the phœnix' nest;
And the turtle's loyal breast
To eternity doth rest,

Leaving

Leaving no posterity:
'Twas not their infirmity,
It was married chastity.

Truth may seem, but cannot be;
Beauty brag, but 'tis not she;
Truth and beauty buried be.

To this urn let those repair
That are either true or fair;
For these dead birds sigh a prayer.

¶ *EPILOGUE*

¶ *EPILOGUE*

CXXIV. The Artist Renounceth his Art.

Now my charms are all o'erthrown,
And what strength I have's mine own;
Which is most faint: now, 'tis true,
I must be here confin'd by you,
Or sent to Naples. Let me not,
Since I have my dukedom got
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
In this bare island by your spell;
But release me from my bands
With the help of your good hands.
Gentle breath of yours my sails
Must fill, or else my project fails,
Which was to please. Now I want
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant;
And my ending is despair,
Unless I be reliev'd by prayer,
Which pierces so that it assaults
Mercy itself and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your indulgence set me free.

FINIS

NOTES

I. *It was a lover and his lass.*—Sung by two pages, in *As You Like It* (V, iii), who are purposely brought in to sing it, 'both in a tune, like two gipsies on a horse.' It may be regarded as a two-part madrigal.

Music for this song was composed by Thomas Morley and printed in the year in which the play is first heard of in Morley's *First Booke of Ayres or Little Short Songs to Sing and Play to the Lute* (1600). Sir Frederick Bridge (*Shakespearean Music in the Plays and Early Operas*, 1923, p. 16.) notes that Morley and Shakespeare were probably acquaintances, being neighbors for a time in Bishopsgate, and that this and Morley's setting of 'O Mistresse Mine' (no. XLV) are the only musical settings for lyrics by Shakespeare which were published in his lifetime.

A manuscript in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, dating from the early seventeenth century, gives both the music and the words of 'It was a lover and his lass.' In this version the refrain is much elaborated, various differences of wording occur, and the sequence of stanzas is correctly given, whereas in the Shakespeare Folio of 1623 stanza four is inserted between one and two. This is the form of the fourth stanza in the Edinburgh MS.:

> Then, pretty lovers, take the time,
> With a hey, with a ho, with a hey non ne no,
> And a hey non ne no ni no.
> For love is crowned with the prime,
> In Spring time, in Spring time,
> In Spring time, the only pretty ring time,
> When birds do sing, Hey ding a ding a ding,
> Hey ding a ding a ding, Hey ding a ding a ding,
> Sweet lovers love the Spring.

The song has had over twenty other settings, including one by Sir C. H. Hubert Parry, 1874.

II. *When daffodils begin to peer.*—This delightful song of Autolycus, which so characteristically combines sensibility and coarseness, has not appealed to the composers. Only three unimportant settings could be mentioned in the New Shakspere Society list. In the second stanza 'an edge' is a common colloquialism for 'on edge.'

III. *Blow, blow, thou winter wind.*—The earliest known music for this as for the other song of Amiens in *As You Like It* (no. XIV, 'Under the Greenwood Tree') is that of Dr. T. A. Arne, 1740. There are over a dozen more recent settings, one of which, as sung by Raymond Dixon and male quartette, can be procured on a Victor phonograph record.

IV. *When daisies pied and violets blue.*—Mr. Masefield has referred to this pair of songs, which conclude the play of *Love's Labour's Lost*, as the loveliest thing ever said about England. These songs about the characteristic features of spring and winter, and of the two birds that typify them, are in the tradition of the mediaeval poetic 'debate' or 'conflictus.' An interesting early example of the *genre* is the *Conflictus Hiemis et Veris*, in Latin verse, ascribed to the famous Alcuin of York, Charlemagne's minister of education. Half a dozen settings of the Shakespeare songs are known. In the early texts, both quarto and folio, the second and third lines of the spring song are given in reverse order; the change is made by modern editors to secure alternate rime as in the other stanzas. A slight change has been made also in the refrain of the winter song.

V. *Now the hungry lion roars.*—This is, of course, recitative rather than lyric. Various composers have written music for it, notably Mendelssohn (1843).

VI. *The woosel-cock, so black of hue.*—There are several settings for this lyrical bit of bird-lore, which Bottom sings to keep up his courage when left alone in the wood at night. One by the famous seventeenth-century composer, Henry Purcell, appears to have been lost. 'Woosel-cock' is Bottom's dialect pronunciation. Elsewhere Shakespeare calls the bird (blackbird) 'ousel,' and editors have rather foolishly required Bottom to pronounce it so. The reference to the 'plain-song cuckoo' in the second stanza involves a scurrilous commonplace of folklore, as in no. IV (Spring), and also a musical technicality. Plain song was the standard tune as written down, to which a musically educated person was expected to be able to produce a variation or 'descant' to fit his own voice. The cuckoo sings his monotonous and insulting notes, to which the listener dare make no comment or denial.

VII. *You spotted snakes with double tongue.*—Mendelssohn's music for *A Midsummer Night's Dream* includes a setting for this song also (see note on no. V). It is arranged by him as a duet for two sopranos, with a chorus of sopranos and altos. Eight or ten other settings are known.

IX. *The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee.*—An example, reduced to its simplest terms, of the contest in impromptu verse making, popular for ages in pastoral communities. Spenser gives an elaborate specimen in the August Eclogue of *The Shepherd's Calendar*, where he follows Theocritus and Vergil. Shakespeare's is of more rustic type, as the game may have been played at Stratford. Armado invents a scrap of rime which Moth completes, and then each chants from memory the lines of the other. The terms 'moral' and 'envoy' seem to be taken from the aristocratic mediaeval ballade, where a

short poem on some abstract subject was completed by an *envoi* containing an address to the poet's patron.

XI. *To shallow rivers, to whose falls.*—Sir Hugh Evans, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, hums a passage from one of the most popular and beautiful of all Elizabethan songs, travestying it by his Welsh accent and false memory. The earliest printed version of the song appeared in *The Passionate Pilgrim*, 1599, as follows:

Live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,
And all the craggy mountains yields.

There will we sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, by whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee a bed of roses,
With a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle.

A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs;
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Then live with me and be my love.

LOVE'S ANSWER

If that the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee and be thy love.

The first four stanzas were written by Marlowe, the last by Sir Walter Raleigh. Better texts of both sections exist. Only two or three of Shakespeare's songs have been oftener set to music than Marlowe's *Come live*

with me. One setting, by Dr. John Wilson, belongs to the early seventeenth century. Another, printed in W. Corkine's *Second Booke of Ayres*, 1612, is also preserved in a manuscript said by Sir John Hawkins, its discoverer, to be 'as old as Shakespeare's time,' and has a tune which Naylor (*Shakespeare and Music* 1896, p. 188) regards as 'probably much older.' Shakespeare, of course, has Sir Hugh sing the song wrong for comic effect. The line, 'When as I sat in Pabylon,' is Sir Hugh's interpolation from the metrical version of the 137th Psalm (text of 1588):

> 'When as we sate in Babylon,
> The rivers round about . . .'

It was Marlowe's mention of 'shallow rivers' that suggested the contamination.

XII. *Jog on, jog on, the footpath way.*—The tune for this song, known as 'Hanskin,' is given in the manuscript collection of Elizabethan music called 'Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book,' preserved in the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge. (Reproduced by Naylor, p. 192). A Restoration song book called *The Antidote against Melancholy* (1661) adds two additional stanzas:—

> Your paltry money-bags of gold,
> What need have we to stare for,
> When little or nothing soon is told,
> And we have the less to care for.
>
> Cast care away, let sorrow cease,
> A fig for melancholy;
> Let's laugh and sing, or, if you please,
> We'll frolic with sweet Dolly.

These are given also (with the reading, 'sweet Molly') in John Playford's *Catch that Catch Can*, 1677, p. 85, which contains John Hilton's music for the song.

XIII. *No more dams I'll make for fish.*—Three settings are listed by Furnivall, between 1756 and 1870. Mr. Noble (*Shakespeare's Use of Song*, p. 103) speaks of the fifth line, 'which, as we know, is a characteristic of the triumphal chorus among aboriginal savages in its emphasis and repetition of parts of a name.' It is doubtful whether Shakespeare meant to indicate anything more than that Caliban, whom the stage direction commands to 'sing drunkenly,' was having difficulty with his articulation.

XIV. *Under the greenwood tree.*—A dozen settings of this song are known. The first line was a popular ballad refrain.

XV. *Where the bee sucks, there suck I.*—Contemporary music was written by Robert Johnson, about 1612, reproduced in Sir F. Bridge's *Songs from Shakespeare*. See the latter's *Shakespearean Music*, 1923, p. 24–28. Another setting is printed in Playford's *Catch that Catch Can*, 1667, p. 126, 127. The best known of half a dozen modern renderings is that of Sir Arthur Sullivan, 1862.

XVI. *Get you hence, for I must go.*—An excellent example of the three-part song so popular with amateur singers of Shakespeare's time. Autolycus (*Winter's Tale* IV, iii, 291 ff.) tells the country girls, Dorcas and Mopsa:—

'This is a merry ballad, but a very pretty one . . . and goes to the tune of "Two maids wooing a man": there's scarce a maid westward but she sings it; 'tis in request, I can tell you.'

Mopsa replies:—'We can both sing it: if thou'lt bear a part, thou shalt hear; 'tis in three parts.'

Dorcas. 'We had the tune on 't a month ago.'

Autolycus. 'I can bear my part; you must know 'tis my occupation; have at it with you.'

The words are doubtless original with Shakespeare. The tune seems not to have survived, but a new setting was made by Dr. William Boyce about 1759.

XVII. *Over hill, over dale.*—The earliest setting known to be extant is that of William Jackson, about 1775: 'Glee for two sopranos, one tenor, and one bass.' This is the middle movement in his arrangement of Arne's air, 'Where the bee sucks.' See no. XV. Six later settings are mentioned in the New Shakspere Society list.

XVIII. *Come unto these yellow sands.*—Set by John Banister, 1667. The most familiar music is that of Sir Arthur Sullivan, 1862. The proper arrangement of the chorus or 'burthen' has been much disputed.

XIX. *Through the house give glimmering light.*—In all the early editions and many modern ones the lines near the end, 'And the owner . . . rest' are printed in reverse order. Mr. Noble, p. 58–59, thinks that the original printer got the sequence wrong in the preceding four lines also.

XX. *Fie on sinful fantasy!*—A setting by C. Addison (1811?) is included in John Caulfield's *Collection of the Vocal Music in Shakespeare's Plays* (1864). 'Solo up to the word "villainy." Sung by Sir Hugh Evans, with chorus for two sopranos and a bass on the words "Pinch him," etc.' This song has an interesting similarity, both in wording and in its dramatic function, to one in John Lyly's *Endymion* (IV, iii), where Corsites is pinched by Fairies:—

THE THIRD SONG, BY FAIRIES

Omnes. Pinch him, pinch him, black and blue,
Saucy mortals must not view
What the Queen of Stars is doing,
Nor pry into our fairy wooing.

First Fairy. Pinch him blue.
Second Fairy. And pinch him black.
Third Fairy. Let him not lack
Sharp nails to pinch him blue and red,
Till sleep has rock'd his addle head.
Fourth Fairy. For the trespass he hath done,
Spots o'er all his flesh shall run.
Kiss Endymion, kiss his eyes,
Then to our midnight heidegyes.

The play of *Endymion* was printed as early as 1591, but the songs in it appeared first in the edition of 1632, long after Lyly's death. Dr. Greg has argued plausibly that they were composed by another writer, probably Dekker, shortly before their publication. On this assumption we must conclude that Shakespeare's song for the mock fairies in *The Merry Wives of Windsor* suggested the fairy song in *Endymion*, not the reverse.

XXI. *Up and down, up and down.*—The earliest setting was made in 1754. In 1840 the song was set by T. Cooke as a soprano solo to be sung by Mme. Vestris as Oberon.

XXIV. *Flower of this purple dye.*—Set, like no. XXI, by Christopher Smith, 1754, in *The Fairies*. Sir H. R. Bishop rearranged it as a solo for baritone for use in the operatic version of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, 1816. (So also no. XXV).

XXVI. *If it do come to pass.*—This is the satirical third stanza which Jaques adds to the song of Amiens, 'Under the greenwood tree' (no. XIV). It goes, as Jaques remarks, to the same 'note' or tune (*As You Like It*, II, v. 48).

XXVIII. *When shall we three meet again?*—This effective three-part song by the witches opens *Macbeth* and

sets the tone for the play. Three musical renderings are known.

XXIX. *Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tiger.*—The prelude to the scene (I, iii) in which Macbeth and Banquo first appear on the stage. The witches pass from ordinary dialogue, through chanting, into regular song, and back again. The less lyrical bits are in smaller type. Nos. XXVIII and XXIX, which are typically Shakespearean, should be compared with Hecate's chant, no. XXX (*Macbeth* III, v), which is almost certainly spurious and was probably interpolated into the play by Middleton half a dozen years after the first performance. (See W. J. Lawrence, 'The Mystery of *Macbeth*' in *Shakespeare's Workshop*, 1928, p. 24–38.)

XXXI. *Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.*—Here we have doubtless a Shakespearean passage, enlarged by Middleton. There is unfortunately no extant text of *Macbeth* earlier than that of the Folio of 1623, which shows signs of radical alteration from the original form of 1606. Parts of this scene, beginning 'Round about the cauldron go,' were set to music by M. P. King about 1800 as a glee in three parts. Middleton's part seems to begin with the entrance of Hecate. The song, 'Black Spirits,' called for by the stage direction, and also the song mentioned in the stage direction two lines from the end of no. XXX, are both printed in full in Middleton's play, *The Witch*. See Mermaid edition of Middleton, p. 166, 189.

XXXII. *St. Withold footed thrice the 'old.*—This song from *Lear* was set to music as a duet for two tenors by Sir Henry Bishop in 1819, and sung in the production of *The Comedy of Errors*. Such borrowing of the songs in one play to add piquancy to another was common at

this period and in the eighteenth century. The effect is usually quite meretricious.

XXXIV. *While you here do snoring lie.*—Musical settings by Arne, 1746, and Linley, 1777. Another will be found in Sir Arthur Sullivan's music for *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, 1862.

XXXV. *Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings.*—This and no. XXXVI are two of the three Shakespeare songs set to music by Schubert. (See also no. LVI). There are about a dozen other settings of no. XXXV. Mr. Richmond Noble has a good discussion of the dramatic effectiveness of this song as a substitute for elaborate scenery in passing from a nocturnal scene to one in daylight.

XXXVI. *Who is Silvia? what is she?*—One of the five or six most popular songs of Shakespeare with musical composers. Eighteen settings are given in the New Shakespeare Society list. Mr. Noble suggests that 'probably' it 'is the earliest song of Shakespeare's we possess, and it is no less probable that it represents his most ambitious effort in a musical direction . . . Musically the serenade requires to be treated as one whole—a thrice-repeated melody is inappropriate, for each stanza needs to be differentiated. The music should reach its final development in the Gloria in the end.' It occurs in the early play of *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* (which, however, was not printed till 1623), and for all its charm bears marks of artificiality.

XXXVII. *My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia nightly.*—This, also from *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, is a poetical love letter rather than a song. It is evi-

dently experimental and mannered, and amounts structurally to ten lines of a Shakespearean sonnet, the third quatrain being omitted.

XXXVIII. *On a day, alack the day!*—Another early song, from *Love's Labour's Lost*, rather artificial in language and movement, but attractive to composers. No setting earlier than 1750 appears to be recorded, but since then there have been at least fourteen. In thought and metre this song resembles Goethe's lyric, *Heidenröslein*, which, however, has a refrain.

Nos. XXXVIII, XXXIX, and XLI were all reprinted in *The Passionate Pilgrim*, 1599, with certain differences of text, the most important being the omission of two lines in no. XXXVIII. This last poem was again reprinted in *England's Helicon*, 1600, under the heading, 'The Passionate Shepherd's Song.'

XXXIX–XLI.—These early *précieux* poems, all from *Love's Labour's Lost*, are sonnets with lyrical coloring. XLI is a strict Shakespearean sonnet in form; XL varies from the normal sonnet pattern only in repeating the final couplet, and XXXIX only in employing six-foot measure for each line except the last. No. XXXIX was set to music as a tenor solo by John Major about 1820, and later by R. Hughes as a bass solo.

XLII. *From the east to western Ind.*—The first line means, of course, 'From the East Indies to the West,' and Shakespeare, whose interest in geography was vague, probably still thought of the two regions as more or less contiguous; so that the line would mean much the same as 'Through all the world' below. This song was set to music, as a soprano solo, by Sir Arthur Sullivan in 1865.

It is in the same trochaic metre as nos. XLIII and XLIV, which are likewise from *As You Like It.* Touchstone comments incisively upon its monotony: 'I'll rhyme you so eight years together, dinners and suppers and sleeping hours excepted. . . . This is the very false gallop of verses.' For his parody see no. XCVI.

XLV. *O Mistress mine! where are you roaming?*—This magnificent song has an added interest because, like 'It was a lover and his lass' (no. I), it can still be sung to a strictly contemporary setting. Indeed two arrangements of the music of 'O mistress mine!' have been preserved from Shakespeare's time, each by one of the most distinguished composers of the period. One is found (without the words) in Thomas Morley's *Consort Lessons* (1599, second edition, 1611), and another—the same air with elaborate variations for the virginal by William Byrd—in Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book. Both are given in Sir Frederick Bridge's *Songs from Shakespeare.* Since the first appearance of Morley's music slightly precedes the supposed date of composition of *Twelfth Night*, in which the song is sung, it has been questioned whether there was not an earlier 'Mistress mine' than Shakespeare's for which Morley wrote his music. Evidence which might settle the matter is said to be in a private library at present inaccessible. No one doubts that Shakespeare wrote the words of our song, and the best present-day opinion seems to be that Morley wrote his music to fit these words. See Sir F. Bridge, *Shakespearean Music*, p. 10–16. Dr. E. H. Fellowes, a distinguished authority, thinks differently (Noble, p. 82). There are a score of other settings.

XLVII–XLIX.—From the concluding scene of *As You Like It*, in which a character dressed as Hymen, god of marriage, unites the lovers. No. XLVIII has

had music written for it by Dr. T. A. Arne (1740) and Sir Henry Bishop (1824). The earliest of several settings for no. XLIX is by Thomas Chilcot in the middle of the eighteenth century.

L. *Honour, riches, marriage-blessing.*—Another mythological marriage-piece, from *The Tempest.* The fifth and sixth lines by Ceres are a charming way of saying, May there be no winter in your lives! Let spring begin for you as soon as harvest is ended. Sir Arthur Sullivan arranged this song (1862) as a duet for soprano and contralto, with chorus. Four or five other settings are known.

LI. *What shall he have that kill'd the deer?*—'The rest shall bear this burthen' is printed in the Folio as if it were part of line three; but the meaning seems to be that the first two lines are sung solo (probably by the actor of Amiens' part, who sang also nos. III and XIV), while the rest of the company add 'Then sing him home' as a burthen or refrain. The treatment of the following lines is doubtful; perhaps the sixth and seventh were also treated as a chorus, and repeated at the end of the song. John Hilton in the early seventeenth century arranged this song as a 'round' for four bass voices, omitting the 'burthen.' Hilton was organist at St. Margaret's, Westminster, and was publishing madrigals as early as 1601. His music, rearranged for three voices, is printed in John Playford's collections, *Catch that Catch Can* (1667, p. 52) and *The Musical Companion* (1673, bk. i, 40). Seven later settings have been listed by Furnivall.

LII. *The preyful princess pierc'd and prick'd.*—Composed by Holofernes, the pedantic schoolmaster in *Love's Labour's Lost*, as 'an extemporal epitaph on the death of the deer.' The heptameter metre, strained

alliteration, and pompous wording parody features often found in the songs current in Shakespeare's boyhood. Compare the following from *The Paradise of Dainty Devices*, printed in 1576:

> My life through lingering long is lodged in lair of loathsome ways,
> My death delayed to keep from life the harm of hapless days.

LIII. *The master, the swabber, the boatswain and I.*—Sung by the drunken Stephano, a ship's butler or steward, in *The Tempest.* A musical setting is given in Caulfield's collection.

LV. *And let me the canakin clink, clink.*—'Clink' is intransitive, 'let me' meaning no more than 'pray, let.' The text printed is that of the first Quarto. The Folio has in line four 'Oh, man's life's but a span.' The earliest musical setting is by Pelham Humfrey, 1673.

LVI. *Come, thou monarch of the vine.*—The drinking song of the Triumvirs in *Antony and Cleopatra.* It is sung by a boy on Pompey's galley. 'The holding,' says Enobarbus, 'every man shall bear as loud As his strong sides can volley.' The 'holding' was the chorus, *i.e.*, the last line. Schubert set this to music, adding a verse in German. Half a dozen other settings are known.

LVII–LIX.—Sung by the amiable Master Silence when in a remarkable state of intoxication (*2 Henry IV*, V, iii). They are probably all made up from scraps of old songs. There are several musical settings of no. LVII. That by Sir H. R. Bishop was introduced into the operatic version of *Twelfth Night.*

LX–LXII.—Songs by Autolycus in *The Winter's Tale.* All have been set to music, the most popular being no. LXI.

LXV. *Flout 'em and scout 'em.*—This is the 'catch' which Stephano and Trinculo attempt to teach Caliban, the music being played by the invisible Ariel. A catch is defined to be a 'short musical composition for three or more voices, which sing the same melody, the second singer beginning the first line as the first goes on to the second line, and so on.' (Onions, *Shakespeare Glossary*. Cf. also Naylor, p. 90). Other catches, of pre-Shakespearean origin and incompletely quoted in the play, are mentioned in *Twelfth Night*, II, iii; *e.g.*, 'Hold thy peace, thou knave,' and 'Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.' Another—of which only four words, 'Jack, boy! ho! boy!', are quoted in *The Taming of the Shrew*—survives elsewhere with the early music to which it was sung. See Naylor, p. 198, 199.

LXVI. *Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it.*—At least the first line was proverbial, and is alluded to by Rosaline in the play (*Love's Labour's Lost*, IV, i, 121) as 'an old saying, that was a man when King Pepin of France was a little boy.' For the ancient air see Naylor, p. 200 and Chappell, *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, p. 239.

LXVIII. *When that I was and-a little tiny boy.*—The clown in *Twelfth Night* concludes the play by singing this song. The audience probably joined in the refrain. Another stanza is contributed by the Fool in *Lear;* see no. LXXXIV. In 1763 J. Vernon set it as a tenor solo and sang it at the performance of *Twelfth Night* at Drury Lane. Schumann and three other nineteenth-century composers have written music for it.

LXIX. *How should I your true love know?*—Naylor, p. 196, gives the air, which 'is certainly old, early 16th century.' The words may be also in part traditional. In the third stanza the early texts read, 'Which bewept to the grave did *not* go.'

LXX. *To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day.*—An old air, to which other songs of the early seventeenth century were sung, will be found in Naylor, p. 196, 197 and in Chappell, p. 227. The text printed is from the Shakespeare Folio. The quarto version is slightly different.

LXXI. *In youth, when I did love, did love.*—The clown, as he labors at Ophelia's grave, sings a purposely absurd version of certain stanzas in an old song by Lord Vaux, first printed in Tottel's Miscellany (1557). The interpolated O!'s and ah!'s indicate the singer's lack of breath. The pertinent stanzas of Vaux's poem run:—

I loathe that I did love,
  In youth that I thought sweet!
As time requires, for my behove,
  Methinks, they are not meet.

For age, with crawling steps,
  Hath clawed me with his crutch;
And lusty life away she leaps,
  As there had been none such.

A pickaxe and a spade,
  And eke a shrouding sheet;
A house of clay for to be made,
  For such a guest most meet!

The last stanza was, of course, what suggested to Shakespeare the special appropriateness of this ditty for the gravedigger.

LXXII. *King Stephen was and-a worthy peer.*—Iago varies only slightly the words of an old ballad, of which a version is in the Percy manuscript Folio. The corresponding passage there reads as follows:—

King Harry was a very good King;
  I trow his hose cost but a crown.
He thought them twelvepence ever too dear;
  Therefore he called the tailor clown.

He was king and wore the crown,
And thou's but of a low degree.
It's pride that puts this country down:
Man, put thy old cloake about thee.

The text of this song, like that of no. LV, varies slightly in the Quarto and Folio editions of *Othello*. What is printed here is a combination of both.

LXXIII. *The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree.*—This also is an old ballad, extant in several versions, which Shakespeare has altered but little, except to change the sex of the singer. The original has, 'with his hand in his bosom and his head upon his knee,' etc. There is music for it which is earlier than the play. See frontispiece. Ten or twelve modern settings likewise exist, of which one is by Sir Arthur Sullivan.

LXXIV. *No more, thou thunder-master show.*—This long ballad, in which the deceased relatives of Posthumus appear to him in a vision and complain to the gods of his afflictions, illustrates the tendency in Shakespeare's latest plays to exploit the opportunity for incidental music and spectacle which the development of the masque under James I brought about. Its authenticity has sometimes been questioned.

LXXV. *It was a lording's daughter, the fairest one of three.*—This pretty little piece must be regarded as anonymous. It has no claim to rank as Shakespeare's, though included in the second section of the *Passionate Pilgrim* volume under the heading 'Sonnets to Sundry Notes of Music.' The theme of the unsuccessful contest of a military man with a scholar for the favor of a lady was conventional in mediæval literature. A long Latin poem of this type, *Phyllis and Flora*, was translated by George Chapman in 1595, and again by 'R. S. Esq.' in 1598.

Three musical settings are mentioned by Furnivall. The earliest, by William Shield, 1796, was sung by Madame Vestris (1797–1856). That by Charles Edward Horn was sung in the operatized version of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, produced in 1823.

Ballad Scraps.—Shakespeare made constant allusion to current popular songs familiar to his audience, some of which are now probably quite unrecognizable. Among the song tunes which he alludes to merely by name are:—

'King Cophetua and the Beggar' (*Love's Labour's Lost*, I, ii, 115, IV, i, 65; *Romeo and Juliet*, II, i, 14.
'Death rock me asleep!' (*2 Henry IV*, II, iv, 210)
'Fortune my foe' (*Merry Wives of Windsor*, III, iii, 69)
'Greensleeves' (*Merry Wives of Windsor*, II, i, 64, V, v, 22)
'Heartsease' (*Romeo and Juliet*, IV, v, 102)
'Hold thy peace, thou knave' (*Twelfth Night*, II, iii, 70)
'Jack, boy! ho! boy!' (*Taming of the Shrew*, IV, i, 43)
'Light o' love' (*Much Ado About Nothing*, III, iv, 44)
'My heart is full of woe' (*Romeo and Juliet*, IV, v, 107)
'Peg-a-Ramsey' (*Twelfth Night*, II, iii, 84)
'The hunt is up' (*Romeo and Juliet*, III, v, 34)
'The sick tune' (*Much Ado About Nothing*, III, iv, 42)
'Three merry men be we' (*Twelfth Night*, II, iii, 85)
'Whoop, do me no harm, good man' (*Winter's Tale*, IV, iii, 199)

The tunes, and in many cases the words, for these will be found in Naylor, p. 187–199, and Chappell. 'King Cophetua,' is in Percy's *Reliques*. The old ballad of 'Captain Car' had the 'sick tune,' with the refrain,

'Sick, sick, and too, too sick
And sick and like to die.'

Notes on the numbered scraps in the text follow:—

1. A tag from a Robin Hood ballad, sung by Silence in *2 Henry IV*, V, iii, 104.

2, 3. Edgar, disguised as Poor Tom, sings these (*Lear*, III, iv, 142, 185). The first line of no. 3 is probably from some romance of

Roland. The remainder was evidently already hoary with antiquity in 1596, when Nashe (*Have With You to Saffron Walden*) jested at the pedant 'who will find matter enough to dilate a whole day of the first invention of "Fy, fa, fum, I smell the blood of an Englishman."'

4. *Lear*, III, vi, 28. The first line, sung by Edgar, was traditional. Chappell (p. 505, note) thinks that Shakespeare took it from a remarkable old ballad in which England is made to address Queen Elizabeth:

> Come over the burn, Bessy,
> Come over the burn, Bessy,
> Sweet Bessy, come over to me.

The Fool improvises a reply. (The Folio, which gives a condensed version of the scene, omits this song.)

5. Another outburst by the drunken Silence (*2 Henry IV*, V, iii, 75). 'God Bacchus, do me right, And dub me knight, Domingo' is found in a song by Nashe in his *Summer's Last Will and Testament*, written about 1592.

6. Sung in *Twelfth Night*, II, iii, 112, to plague Malvolio. The original was printed by Percy under the title, 'Corydon's Farewell to Phillis.' The first two stanzas must be quoted:

> Farewell dear love; since thou wilt needs be gone,
> Mine eyes do show my life is almost done.
> Nay, I will never die, so long as I can spy
> There be many mo, though that she do go.
> There be many mo: I fear not.
> Why, then let her go: I care not.
>
> Farewell, farewell: since this I find is true,
> I will not spend more time in wooing you;
> But I will seek elsewhere, if I may find love there.
> Shall I bid her go? what an if I do?
> Shall I bid her go, and spare not?
> O no, no, no, I dare not.

An earlier text was printed by Robert Jones in his second *Book of Songs and Airs*, 1601. Naylor gives one air for it, p. 190.

7. Sung by Ophelia (*Hamlet*, IV, v, 186), from a Robin Hood ballad of which only one other line has survived: 'My Robin is to the greenwood gone.' The Elizabethan air is found in many collections (Chappell, p. 263).

8. Sung by Feste in *Twelfth Night*, IV, ii, 79. Music is in Caulfield's collection. Percy (*Reliques*) gives the words of this ballad, of which the first two stanzas run,

> A Robin, jolly Robin,
> Tell me how thy leman doth,
> And thou shalt know of mine.
>
> 'My lady is unkind par-die.'
> Alack! why is she so?
> 'She loveth another better than me,
> And yet she will say no.'

9. Quoted by Falstaff, *Merry Wives of Windsor*, III, iii, 45. It is the first line in one of the 'Sonnets of Variable Verse' in Sir Philip Sidney's *Astrophel and Stella* (published 1591). The poem begins:

> Have I caught my heavenly jewel,
> Teaching sleep most fair to be?
> Now will I teach her that she,
> When she wakes, is too too cruel.

10. Hummed by Stephano as he enters the stage for the first time (*Tempest*, II, ii, 45). Naylor, p. 191, gives the air, 'as sung by Mr. Bannister,' 1667.

11. Sung by Petruchio, *Taming of the Shrew*, IV, i, 148. Bishop Percy (*Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*) made up a very eighteenth-century poem about the friar of orders grey out of Shakespeare's 'innumerable little fragments of ancient ballads . . . with a few supplemental stanzas to connect them together, and form them into a little Tale.'

12. Hamlet (II, ii, 431) teases Polonius with these quotations from the 'pious chanson' of Jephthah, judge of Israel. The first stanza, or 'row,' as given in Percy's *Reliques*, runs:—

> Have you not heard, these many years ago,
> Jephthah was judge of Israel?
> He had one daughter and no mo,
> The which he loved passing well:
> And as by lot,
> God wot,
> It so came to pass,
> As God's will was,
> That great wars there should be . . .

13. From *Troilus and Cressida*, IV, iv, 15. Set by Sir H. R. Bishop, 1810, as a duet for two sopranos.

14. From *As You Like It*, III, iii, 104. Perversion of a ballad on the well-known romantic theme of Roland and Oliver. Compare number three above: 'Child Rowland to the dark tower came.' The brothers, Orlando and Oliver, in this play get their names from these ballad heroes. The ballad in question was sung, according to Naylor, p. 73, 193, to a variation of the tune for 'The hunt is up.'

15. From *Twelfth Night*, II, iii, 93. Probably from a lost ballad.

16. From *King Lear*, III, vi, 44, sung by Edgar. It is omitted in the Folio text, like no. 4.

17. The first quotation is by Sir Toby, *Twelfth Night*, II, iii, 87; the second by Mercutio, *Romeo and Juliet* II, iv, 151. Both are suggested by the ballad of Constant Susanna:

> There dwelt a man in Babylon,
> Of reputation great by fame;
> He took to wife a fair woman,
> Susanna she was called by name.
> A woman fair and virtuous,
> Lady, lady!
> Why should not we of her learn thus
> To live godly?

Naylor gives the music, p. 189.

18. Sung by Falstaff, *2 Henry IV*, II, iv. 36. From the ballad of 'The Noble Acts of Arthur of the Round Table' sung to the tune of Chevy Chase. It is printed in Deloney's *Garland of Good Will* and Percy's *Reliques*. The first stanza is,

> When Arthur first in court began,
> And was approved king,
> By force of arms great victories wan,
> And conquest home did bring.

19. Hummed by Petruchio, *Taming of the Shrew*, IV, i, 143. Also quoted by Pistol, *2 Henry IV*, V, iii. The first line of the first poem in Thomas Watson's *Hecatompathia* (1582) runs, 'Well fare the life sometimes I led ere this.'

20. Sung by Ophelia, *Hamlet*, IV, v, 169. In *Merry Wives of Windsor*, I, iv, 44, Mrs. Quickly sings 'And down, down, adown-a.'

LXXVI–LXXXII.—Strictly speaking, a posy was a short motto or sentiment inscribed on the inside of a ring. Of no. LXXVI about a dozen settings are known, the earliest by W. Tindal, 1786, as a tenor solo with accompaniment for flute, violin, and violoncello. This song was used by Edmund Kean and introduced by John Braham into the operatic version of *The Merry Wives of Windsor* (1823). Braham likewise set no. LXXVII as a duet for soprano and tenor, and Edward Fitzwilliam wrote solo music for it (1853).

LXXXVI. *All that glisters is not gold.*—Set by C. E. Horn, 1823, as a duet for soprano and contralto, and crammed, like so many other odd songs by Shakespeare, into the maw of Frederick Reynolds' operatic *Merry Wives of Windsor*. 'He has not ventured to print it,' says Genest, 'but a gentleman who was present on the first night assured me that it was vilely done.' 'Gilded tombs' in the fifth line is Dr. Johnson's emendation; the early editions all have 'guilded timber.'

XC. *Crabbed age and youth cannot live together.*—This was printed as Shakespeare's in *The Passionate Pilgrim*, 1599, but a version of it, with four additional stanzas, occurs also in Thomas Deloney's *Garland of Good Will*, part 3. It has had at least seven musical settings, and was much liked by Shakespearean producers in the early nineteenth century, being sung in performances of *Twelfth Night* (1820), *The Merry Wives of Windsor* (1823), *As You Like It* (1824).

XCII. *But stay, O spite!*—John Frederick Lampe wrote music for this in *Pyramus and Thisbe, a Mock Opera*, 1745, performed at Covent Garden.

XCV. *Was this fair face the cause, quoth she.*—The clown in *All's Well that Ends Well*, who sings also no.

XCIV, here improvises a medley of several different pieces. The opening lines parody Marlowe's famous passage, 'Was this the face that launched a thousand ships?' On the last line the Countess exclaims, 'What, one good in ten? you corrupt the song, sirrah.' The original ran:—'Among nine good if one be bad,' etc. William Linley, the brother of Mrs. Richard Brinsley Sheridan, set this song (*Dramatic Songs of Shakespeare*, 1816).

XCIX. *For thou dost know, O Damon dear.*—Hamlet's jocular continuation of the lyric quatrain (no. LXXXIII) that bursts from him when King Claudius betrays himself at the play-scene. Horatio's remark upon the present effort is, 'You might have rhymed.' The 'pajock' (peacock) is Claudius.

C–CV.—Songs of the Fool in Lear. See also nos. LXXX, LXXXIV, LXXXVIII, and LXXXIX. No. CI has a setting by Linley (see note on XCV); music for CIII and CIV is in Caulfield's collection.

CVI. *Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more.*—'This song,' thinks Mr. Noble (p. 64), 'is the earliest example of the genuine dramatic song rendered by an adult actor that we have from Shakespeare's hands' (as distinguished from songs by professional musicians or children introduced merely for the sake of singing). It is by Balthazar in *Much Ado About Nothing*. In the Folio text of 1623, but not the Quarto of 1600, a stage direction gives the name of the actor who played Balthazar as 'Jack Wilson'; and a rather implausible attempt has been made to show that he was identical with the famous musician, Dr. John Wilson (1595–1674), who wrote the music for nos. LXI and CVII. Of the fifteen or more settings for the present song, the earliest known is by Dr. Arne, about 1740. Another is by Sir Arthur Sullivan, 1865.

CVII. *Take, O take those lips away.*—This has been the most attractive of all Shakespeare's songs to composers. Dr. Furnivall was able, as early as 1884, to list thirty different settings. The early one by Dr. John Wilson, referred to in the preceding note, is reproduced by Sir F. Bridge in his collection of *Songs from Shakespeare: the Earliest Known Settings*. It was published in John Playford's *Select Airs and Dialogues*, 1659, under the title, 'Love's Ingratitude.'

This song was introduced into Fletcher's play, *The Bloody Brother* (ca. 1620), with an anticlimactic and inconsistent second stanza fitting it to the feeling of a man rather than a woman:—

> Hide, O hide those hills of snow,
> Which thy frozen bosom bears,
> On whose tops the pinks that grow
> Are yet of those that April wears:
> But first set my poor heart free,
> Bound in those icy chains by thee.

The added stanza was then erroneously included in the 1640 edition of Shakespeare's Poems. Concerning the legal figure with which the genuine poem closes, Sir D. P. Barton remarks (*Links between Shakespeare and the Law*, 1929, p. 131):

'Written instruments under seal (which were referred to as "deeds" or "indentures" or "specialties") were so commonly used as symbols of love and kisses by poets of that day that the metaphor would have become trite, if Shakespeare had not made it immortal in such passages as "But my kisses bring again, seals of love, but seal'd in vain."'

CVIII. *My flocks feed not.*—The author is unknown. It is included in editions of Shakespeare only because it appeared in *The Passionate Pilgrim*, in the section entitled 'Sonnets to Sundry Notes of Music,' where it

immediately follows the genuine song by Dumaine, 'On a day, alack the day!' (no. XXXVIII). It had previously been printed anonymously in the Book of Madrigals of Thomas Weelkes (1597), and in 1600 appeared again in *England's Helicon* under the heading, 'The Unknown Shepherd's Complaint.' Whoever the author, it is a charming piece. The section beginning 'In black mourn I' was set to music by C. E. Horn about 1830.

CIX. *As it fell upon a day.*—The last poem in the *Passionate Pilgrim* volume. It is known to be not by Shakespeare, but by Richard Barnfield in whose *Poems in divers Humours*, as well as in *England's Helicon*, it also appeared. The opening lines and the metre are strongly reminiscent of the Dumaine poem, no XXXVIII.

CX. *Orpheus with his lute made trees.*—It is probably the compliment paid to music in this conventional piece which has made musicians so eager to write settings for it. About twenty-five are known, none earlier than Dr. Arne's in the middle of the eighteenth century. The song occurs in a part of *Henry VIII* (III, i) now recognized as Fletcher's work, and it has all the marks of that fluent but superficial poet.

CXI. *When griping grief the heart doth wound.*—The song from which this is quoted was written early in Queen Elizabeth's reign by Richard Edwards, a poet of real musical ability. The words had doubtless been known to Shakespeare from boyhood. Edwards' first stanza, as originally printed in *The Paradise of Dainty Devices* (1576), runs:—

> Where griping grief the heart would wound
> And doleful dumps the mind oppress,
> There music with her silver sound
> Is wont with speed to give redress:
> Of troubled mind for every sore
> Sweet music hath a salve therefor.

CXIV. *Here lies a wretched corse*, etc.—In Plutarch's *Life of Mark Antony*, translated by Sir Thomas North, which served as the source of *Antony and Cleopatra*, Shakespeare found an incidental account of Timon of Athens, ending with two alternative versions of Timon's epitaph, each two lines long. In *Timon of Athens* Shakespeare combines these two epitaphs into one, otherwise making no change in North's wording except to substitute 'caitiffs' for 'wretches' in the second line. He evidently did not observe that the result is inconsistent, since the first epitaph refuses to divulge the name of the corpse and the second begins by telling what it is.

CXV. *Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbear.*—Cut in the rock slab over Shakespeare's body. There is no good reason for doubting the authenticity of these lines. Shakespeare knew how to use doggerel for his purposes, and the best literary justification of this quatrain, as of any other, is its success in accomplishing the author's design.

CXVI. *Tell me where is fancy bred.*—Shakespeare may have got the idea and some of the wording from a fantastic prose passage in Lyly's *Euphues and his England* (1580). Since this song is sung while Bassanio is choosing between the caskets, it is natural to seek to discover in it some hint in favor of the leaden casket. Mr. Noble (p. 45) interprets it as a warning against 'fancy,' *i.e.*, superficial appearances, and the poet may have had this in mind, though an Elizabethan would have been likely to take fancy to mean love rather than whim. Probably also a subconscious association is supposed to be set up by the frequent rimes with *lead:* 'bred,' 'head,' 'nourishéd,' 'With gazing fed.'

Thirteen settings are listed by Furnivall, the earliest extant by Dr. Arne, 1740. There is some question

whether it should be rendered as a solo or a duet. In either case a chorus takes up the fourth line and the last. The song was transferred to both *Twelfth Night* and *As You Like It* in eighteenth-century productions.

CXVII. *Come away, come away, death.*—The oldest setting is by Dr Arne, 1741; the most famous by J. Brahms, as a part song for female voices, with accompaniment for two horns and harp, 1884. The Duke, who calls for this song in *Twelfth Night*, praises its old-fashioned character: 'It is old and plain . . . And dallies with the innocence of love, Like the old age.'

CXVIII. *Pardon, goddess of the night.*—'Evidently the first part is in the nature of a slow procession and in the latter part the mourners are standing or kneeling round the "tomb." ' (Noble, p. 66)

CXIX, CXX. Early airs for these are given by Naylor, p. 197. The last line of CXIX is probably a prose interjection by Ophelia. Chappell gives music also for CXX (p. 237), and says, 'It appears to be a portion of the tune entitled "The Merry Milkmaids" in *The Dancing Master*, and "The Milkmaids' Dumps" in several ballads.'

An inaccurate version of no. CXX is sung by Gertrude in the third act of *Eastward Hoe*, by Marston, Chapman, and Jonson, 1605, as follows:

> His head as white as milk,
> All flaxen was his hair:
> But now he is dead,
> And laid in his bed,
> And never will come again.

CXXI. *Dirge for Fidele.*—The earliest known setting is that by Dr. Arne, which is marked as a 'Solo, sung by Mr. Lowe.' The poem was obviously written as a duet.

The theory that the last two lines of each stanza are non-Shakespearean intrusions has very little to support it.

CXXII. *Full fathom five thy father lies.*—Eight or ten settings are known, some of which are of great interest. The earliest, by Robert Johnson, is reproduced in Sir Frederick Bridge's collection. Though possibly not the music used at the original production of *The Tempest*, it cannot be more than a few years later. This was harmonized for three voices by Dr. Wilson in his *Cheerful Airs and Ballads*, 1660. Other settings are by Purcell (1673), Sir Arthur Sullivan (1862), and Sir Hubert Parry (1874). Compare the 'ding-dong, bell' burthen here with that in no. CXVI.

CXXIII. *Let the bird of loudest lay.*—This elaborate and puzzling poem was published in 1601 over Shakespeare's name in the supplement to a book called *Love's Martyr* by Robert Chester, written in honor of a newly knighted Welsh gentleman, Sir John Salusbury and his wife. There is little reason to doubt its authenticity, but its exact purpose or meaning, and the circumstances which may have led Shakespeare to write it, are an unexplained mystery.

CXXIV. *Now my charms are all o'erthrown.*—Spoken by Prospero as an epilogue to *The Tempest*.

GLOSSARY

(Arabic numerals refer to page numbers. 'B. S.' = Ballad Scraps.)

adding four: making a fourth member of the group, (ix) 12
adjourn'd: postponed, (lxxiv) 72
and-a = a, ballad mannerism, (lxviii) 64; lxxii (68); lxxxiv (84)
aroint thee: begone! (xxix) 27; (xxxii) 34
Atalanta's better part: fleetness of foot, (xliii) 46
atone: unite, (xlviii) 51
aunts: mistresses, (ii) 4
avouch: acknowledge, (lx) 58

bands: bonds, (cxxiv) 124
behove: behoof, advantage, (lxxi) 67
bias: bent, natural tendency, (xxxix) 40
bourn: brook, (B. S. 4) 76
bowget: budget, pouch, (lx) 58
brach: keen-scented hound, (xxvii) 25
brinded: bizarrely striped, (xxxi) 31
bugle-bracelet: bracelet of black glass beads, (lxi) 59
burthen: refrain, chorus, (xviii) 19
but: except, (cxxiii) 121

canakin: small can for drinking, (lv) 56
card: dial of compass (xxix) 27
chalic'd: cup-shaped, (xxxv) 36
chaudron: entrails, (xxxi) 32
civil: relating to human society, (xliii) 45
cockle hat: pilgrim's hat with scallop shell (lxix) 65
confounds: destroys, (xcvii) 96
consign: join in ratifying a bargain, agree, (cxxi) 117

corn-field: field of grain, here rye, (i) 3
couch: sleep, (xv) 16
crabs: crab-apples, (iv) 7
cuckoo-buds: unidentified flowers, (iv) 6
cup us: fill our cups, (lvi) 56
cypress: crape, (lxi) 59
cypress: cypress-wood coffin, (cxvii) 114

deer: animals, (B. S. 2) 76
defunctive: funereal, (cxxiii) 120
doxy: thieves' jargon for mistress, (ii) 4
ducdame: unexplained word, (xxvi) 24
dumps: mournful tunes, (cvi) 101
dupp'd: opened, (lxx) 66

exhal'st: causest to dissolve, like mist, (xli) 43
eyne: eyes, (xliv) 47; (lvi) 56

fair: beauty, (xlii) 44
farrow: young pigs, (xxxi) 33
fathom: measure of six feet; full f. five, quite thirty feet below the surface, (cxxii) 119
fats: wine-vats, (lvi) 56
featly: nimbly, (xviii) 19
firing: fire-wood, (xiii) 14
foison: harvest, (l) 52
fond: foolish(ly), (xcv) 94
foppish: foolish, (ci) 98
forage: raging, (x) 13
fordone: exhausted, (v) 8
forlorn: brought to ruin, (cviii) 103
fowl of tyrant wing: bird of prey, (cxxiii) 120

gait: pace, (cxiv) 112
geck: fool, (lxxiv) 72
gender: breed, (cxxiii) 120

glisters: glitters, (lxxxvi) 85
goodman: neighbor, (xci) 90
gramercy: God have mercy! (cxx) 116
grange: farmhouse, (xvi) 17
gulf: belly, (xxxi) 32

hardiment: boldness, (lxxiv) 72
hedge-pig: hedgehog, (xxxi) 31
heigh: same as 'hey'
hent: take, (xii) 14
hoar: used punningly, (1) grey, (2) mouldy, (lxvii) 63
hoars: moulds, (lxvii) 63
howlet: owl, (xxxi) 31
hurlyburly: tumult, (xxviii) 26

imbrue: pierce, (xcii) 93
in-a-door: indoors, (lxxxviii) 87
interdict: forbid, (cxxiii) 120
intil: into, (lxxi) 67
I wis: error for 'I wot,' (lxxxvii) 86

keel: stir, (to prevent boiling over) (iv) 7
kind: nature, (xciv) 94; (xcvi) 95

lady-smock: cardamine pratensis, spring flower of the cress family, sometimes called cuckoo-flower, (iv) 6
lapp'd in lead: in leaden coffins, (cix) 107
larded: enriched, garnished, (lxix) 65
leavy: leafy, rich in foliage, (cvi) 101
leman: sweetheart, (lix) 58
lin'd: limned, drawn, (xlii) 44
louse: grow lousy, (cv) 100
lown: loon, bumpkin, (lxxii) 68
luxury: lasciviousness, (xx) 21
lym: bloodhound, (xxvii) 25

Mary-buds: marigold buds, (xxxv) 36
mickle: great, (lxxv) 74
minikin: shrill, (B. S. 16) 79
moe: more, other, (lxxiii) 69; (cv) 100
moonës: moon's, (xvii) 18
motley: fool's costume, (c) 98

native: naturally, (lxxxv) 85
nine fold: nine companions, (xxxii) 34

'old: wold, heath, (xxxii) 34
or . . . or: either . . . or, (xvi) 17; (xxvii) 25
orange-tawny: brownish-yellow, (vi) 9
orbs: circles, fairy rings, (xvii) 18
osiers: willows, (xxxix) 40
ounce: lynx, (xxii) 22
owe: possess, (xxiii) 23; (lxxxv) 85

pajock: peacock, (xcix) 97
pale: two meanings punned on in ii, (1) pallor, (2) enclosed ground
pard: leopard, (xxii) 22
parts: is divided, (cxxiii) 122
passing: surpassingly, (xxxviii) 39
peak: waste away, (xxix) 28
pensioners: guard of honor, (xvii) 18
pent-house lid: eyelid, (xxix) 27
perdy: par dieu, (B. S. 8.) 77
plain-song: thematic melody, (vi) 9
poking-sticks: rods for stiffening ruffs, (lxi) 59
poll: head, (cxx) 116
posters: couriers, (xxix) 28
precurrer: forerunner, (cxxiii) 120
pricket: buck in its second season, (lii) 54
prime: spring, (i) 3
property: individuality, (cxxiii) 121

pugging: thieving, (ii) 4

quell: kill, (xcii) 91
quoifs: coifs, tight caps, (lxi) 59

rates: berates, (lxxiv) 70
ravin'd: gorged, (xxxi) 32
reason: talk, (xlvii) 50
renying: renunciation, (cviii) 103
repasture: sustenance, (x) 13
ring time: season for love pledges, (i) 3
ronyon: term of abuse, (xxix) 27
rump-fed: beef-eating, pampered, (xxix) 27

sandal shoon: light shoes, (lxix) 65
seals: testimonies, (cvii) 102
seal up: confirm, as by a legal document, (xliv) 47
set: stake, wager, (lxxxviii) 87
shore: cut, (xcii) 92
slab: viscous, (xxxi) 32
sore: four-year-old buck, (lii) 54
sorel: buck in third year, (lii) 54
spent: eaten, (lxvii) 63
stint: cease, (cxiii) 111
stomachers: ornamental dress-fronts, (lxi) 59
swabber: inferior sailor, deck-washer, (liii) 55
sweeting: sweetheart, (xlv) 48
swelter'd: exuded, (xxxi) 31
synod, heavenly: assembly of gods, (xliii) 46; shining, (lxxiv) 73

tang: sting, (liii) 55
thorough: through, (xvii) 18
thrall: servitude, (cviii) 103
three-pile: rich velvet, (lx) 58
threne, threnos: dirge, (cxxiii) 122

thrum: waste wool. 'Thread and thrum,' good and bad together, (xcii) 91
tike: cur, (xxvii) 25
tillyvally: humbug! (B. S. 17) 80
trenchering: trencher-ware, wooden plates, (xiii) 14
trowest: believest, (lxxxviii) 87
trundle-tail: dog with curly tail, (xxvii) 25
turn: improvise, (xiv) 15
turns the key: opens the door, (ciii) 99

ungalled: uninjured, (lxxxiii) 84
up-till: against, (cix) 106
utter: put in circulation, (lxii) 60
uttered: made current, brought out of the grave, (cxviii) 115
vagram: Welshman's error for 'fragrant,' (xi) 13

warp: roughen, by freezing, (iii) 5
whist: silent, (xviii) 19
wind away: get away, (B. S. 14) 79
wont: was accustomed, (cviii) 104
woosel-cock: blackbird, (vi) 9

A cup of wine that's brisk and fine (*2 Henry IV*, V. iii. 46), 58
A fox, when one has caught her (*Lear*, I. iv. 342), 99
All that glisters is not gold (*Merchant of Venice*, II. vii. 65), 85
An old hare hoar (*Romeo and Juliet*, II. iv. 144), 63
And I to Ford shall eke unfold (*Merry Wives of Windsor*, I. iii. 103), 80
And let me the canakin clink, clink (*Othello*, II. iii. 72), 56
*And Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John (*2 Henry IV*, V. iii. 104), 76
And will he not come again? (*Hamlet*, IV. v. 189), 116
Art thou god to shepherd turn'd (*As You Like It*, IV. iii. 41), 47
*As it fell upon a day (*Passionate Pilgrim*), 106
Asleep, my love? What, dead, my dove? (*Midsummer Night's Dream*, V. i. 332), 92

Be as thou wast wont to be (*Midsummer Night's Dream*, IV. i. 77), 24
Be merry, be merry, my wife has all (*2 Henry IV*, V. iii. 33), 57
Be thy mouth or black or white (*Lear*, III. vi. 69), 25
Blow, blow, thou winter wind (*As You Like It*, II. vii. 174), 5
But mice and rats and such small deer (*Lear*, III. iv. 142), 76
But shall I go mourn for that, my dear? (*Winter's Tale*, IV. ii. 15), 58

But stay, O spite (*Midsummer Night's Dream*, V. i. 283), 91

*Child Rowland to the dark tower came (*Lear*, III. iv. 185), 76
Churl, upon thy eyes I throw (*Midsummer Night's Dream*, II. ii. 78), 23
Come away, come away, death (*Twelfth Night*, II. iv. 51), 114
*Come o'er the bourn, Bessy, to me (*Lear*, III. vi. 28), 76
Come, thou monarch of the vine (*Antony and Cleopatra*, II. vii. 120), 56
Come unto these yellow sands (*Tempest*, I. ii. 375), 19
*Crabbed age and youth cannot live together (*Passionate Pilgrim*), 89

Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye (*Love's Labour's Lost*, IV. iii. 60), 43
*Do me right, and dub me knight (*2 Henry IV*, V. iii. 75), 76
Do nothing but eat, and make good cheer (*2 Henry IV*, V. iii. 17), 57
Done to death by slanderous tongues (*Much Ado about Nothing*, V. iii. 3), 110
Doubt thou the stars are fire (*Hamlet*, II. ii. 115), 81

*Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone (*Twelfth Night*, II. iii. 112), 77
Fathers that wear rags (*Lear*, II. iv. 48), 99
Fear no more the heat o' the sun (*Cymbeline*, IV. ii. 258), 117
Fie on sinful fantasy (*Merry Wives of Windsor*, V. v. 99), 21
Fill the cup, and let it come! (*2 Henry IV*, V. iii. 54), 62
Flout 'em, and scout 'em (*Tempest*, III. ii. 133), 62

Flower of this purple dye (*Midsummer Night's Dream*, III. ii. 102), 23
Fools had ne'er less grace in a year (*Lear*, I. iv. 182), 98
*For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy (*Hamlet*, IV. v. 186), 77
For I the ballad will repeat (*All's Well that Ends Well*, I. iii. 65), 94
For thou dost know, O Damon dear (*Hamlet*, III. ii. 297), 97
From the east to western Ind (*As You Like It*, III. ii. 94), 44
Full fathom five thy father lies (*Tempest*, I. ii. 394), 119
Full merrily the humble-bee doth sing (*Troilus and Cressida*, V. x. 42), 12

Get you hence, for I must go (*Winter's Tale*, IV. iii. 301), 17
Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbear, 112

Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings (*Cymbeline*, II. iii. 22), 36
*Have I caught my heavenly jewel (*Merry Wives of Windsor*, III. iii. 45), 78
Have more than thou showest (*Lear*, I. iv. 132), 87
He that has and-a little tiny wit (*Lear*, III. ii. 74), 84
He that keeps nor crust nor crumb (*Lear*, I. iv. 220), 82
Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tiger (*Macbeth*, I. iii. 7), 27
*Here lies a wretched corse, of wretched soul bereft (*Timon of Athens*, V. iv. 70), 112
*Hey Robin, jolly Robin (*Twelfth Night*, IV. ii. 79), 77
Honour, riches, marriage-blessing (*Tempest*, IV. i. 106), 52
How should I your true love know (*Hamlet*, IV. v. 23), 65

I am gone, sir, And anon, sir (*Twelfth Night*, IV. ii. 134), 90
I may command where I adore (*Twelfth Night*, II. v. 116), 82
I shall no more to sea, to sea (*Tempest*, II. ii. 45), 78
If a hart do lack a hind (*As You Like It*, III. ii. 108), 95
If it do come to pass (*As You Like It*, II. v. 50), 24
If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love (*Love's Labour's Lost*, IV. ii. 110), 40
If she be made of white and red (*Love's Labour's Lost*, I. ii. 105), 85
If wishes would prevail with me (*Henry V*, III. ii. 17), 61

Immortal gods, I crave no pelf (*Timon of Athens*, I. ii. 64), 97
*In youth, when I did love, did love (*Hamlet*, V. i. 67), 67
*It was a lording's daughter, the fairest one of three (*Passionate Pilgrim*), 74
It was a lover and his lass (*As You Like It*, V. iii. 18), 3
It was the friar of orders grey (*Taming of the Shrew*, IV. i. 148), 78

Jog on, jog on, the footpath way (*Winter's Tale*, IV. ii. 133), 14
Jove knows I love (*Twelfth Night*, II. v. 108), 81

*King Stephen was and-a worthy peer (*Othello*, II. iii. 93), 68
Knocks go and come: God's vassals drop and die (*Henry V*, III. ii. 9), 55

*Lady, lady, lady! (*Romeo and Juliet*, II. iv. 152), 80

Lawn as white as driven snow (*Winter's Tale*, IV. iii. 220), 59
Let the bird of loudest lay (*Phœnix and Turtle*), 120
Love like a shadow flies when substance love pursues (*Merry Wives of Windsor*, II. ii. 220), 81
Love, love, nothing but love, still more! (*Troilus and Cressida*, III. i. 127), 96

*My flocks feed not (*Passionate Pilgrim*), 103
My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia nightly (*Two Gentlemen of Verona*, III. i. 140), 38

No more dams I'll make for fish (*Tempest*, II. ii. 193), 14
No more, thou thunder-master, show (*Cymbeline*, V. iv. 30), 70
Now my charms are all o'erthrown (*Tempest*, epilogue), 124
Now the hungry lion roars (*Midsummer Night's Dream*, V. ii. 1), 8

*O heart, heavy heart! (*Troilus and Cressida*, IV. iv. 16), 79
*O Jephthah, judge of Israel! (*Hamlet*, II. ii. 431), 78
O mistress mine! where are you roaming? (*Twelfth Night*, II. iii. 42), 48
*O sweet Oliver! (*As You Like It*, III. iii. 105), 79
*O, the twelfth day of December! (*Twelfth Night*, II. iii. 93), 79
On a day, alack the day! (*Love's Labour's Lost*, IV. iii. 101), 39
On the ground sleep sound (*Midsummer Night's Dream*, IV. i. 448), 35
*Orpheus with his lute made trees (*Henry VIII*, III. i. 3), 109
Over hill, over dale (*Midsummer Night's Dream*, II. i. 2), 18

Pardon, goddess of the night (*Much Ado about Nothing*, V. iii. 12), 115
Peace, ho! I bar confusion (*As You Like It*, V. iv. 132), 50

St. Withold footed thrice the 'old (*Lear*, III. iv. 123), 34
Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more (*Much Ado about Nothing*, II. iii. 65), 101
*Sleepest or wakest thou, jolly shepherd? (*Lear*, III. vi. 44), 79
So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not (*Love's Labour's Lost*, IV. iii. 27), 42

Take, O take those lips away (*Measure for Measure*, IV. i. 1), 102
Tell me where is fancy bred (*Merchant of Venice*, III. ii. 63), 113
That lord that counsell'd thee (*Lear*, I. iv. 155), 98
That sir which serves and seeks for gain (*Lear*, II. iv. 79), 100
The cod-piece that will house (*Lear*, III. ii. 27), 100
The fairest, sweet'st and best lies here (*Pericles*, IV. iv. 34), 111
The fire seven times tried this (*Merchant of Venice*, II. ix. 63), 86
The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee (*Love's Labour's Lost*, III. i. 90), 12
The god of love that sits above (*Much Ado about Nothing*, V. ii. 26), 83
The master, the swabber, the boatswain and I (*Tempest*, II. ii. 49), 55
*The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree (*Othello*, IV. iii. 41), 69
The preyful princess pierc'd and prick'd (*Love's Labour's Lost*, IV. ii. 58), 54

The raging rocks (*Midsummer Night's Dream*, I. ii. 34), 93
The woosel-cock so black of hue (*Midsummer Night's Dream*, III. i. 131), 9
Then is there mirth in heaven (*As You Like It*, V. iv. 115), 51
*There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady (*Twelfth Night*, II. iii. 87), 80
They bore him barefac'd on the bier (*Hamlet*, IV. v. 163), 116
Thine own true knight (*Merry Wives of Windsor*, II. i. 15), 82
Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it (*Love's Labour's Lost*, IV. i. 129), 62
Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd (*Macbeth*, IV. i. 1), 31
Through the house give glimmering light (*Midsummer Night's Dream*, V. ii. 21), 20
Thus dost thou hear the Nemean lion roar (*Love's Labour's Lost*, IV. i. 91), 13
*To shallow rivers, to whose falls (*Merry Wives of Windsor*, III. i. 17), 13
*To trade and traffic with Macbeth (*Macbeth*, III. v. 4), 29
To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day (*Hamlet*, IV. v. 49), 66

Under the greenwood tree (*As You Like It*, II. v. 1), 15
Up and down, up and down (*Midsummer Night's Dream*, III. ii. 396), 22

Was this fair face the cause, quoth she (*All's Well that Ends Well*, I. iii. 75), 94
Wedding is great Juno's crown (*As You Like It*, V. iv. 148), 51

What shall he have that kill'd the deer? (*As You Like It*, IV. ii. 10), 53
What thou seest when thou dost wake (*Midsummer Night's Dream*, II. ii. 27), 22
*When Arthur first in court (*2 Henry IV*, II. iv. 36), 80
When daffodils begin to peer (*Winter's Tale*, IV. ii. 1), 4
When daisies pied and violets blue (*Love's Labour's Lost*, V. ii. 902), 6
When icicles hang by the wall (*Love's Labour's Lost*, V. ii. 920), 7
When priests are more in word than matter (*Lear*, III. ii. 81), 88
When shall we three meet again (*Macbeth*, I. i. 1), 26
When that I was and-a little tiny boy (*Twelfth Night*, V. i. 401), 64
*Where is the life that late I led? (*Taming of the Shrew*, IV. i. 143; *2 Henry IV.*, V. iii. 145), 80
Where the bee sucks, there suck I (*Tempest*, V. i. 88), 16
While you here do snoring lie (*Tempest*, II. i. 308), 36
Who is Silvia? what is she? (*Two Gentlemen of Verona*, IV. ii. 40), 37
Why, let the stricken deer go weep (*Hamlet*, III. ii. 287), 84
Why should this a desert be? (*As You Like It*, III. ii. 134), 45
Will you buy any tape? (*Winter's Tale*, IV. iii. 324), 60
Wind away, begone I say (*As You Like It*, III. iii. 109), 79

*You must sing, a-down, a-down (*Hamlet*, IV. v. 169), 80
You spotted snakes with double tongue (*Midsummer Night's Dream*, II. ii. 9), 10
You that choose not by the view (*Merchant of Venice*, III. ii. 131), 49

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